

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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WHITE JASMINE.

WHITE jasmine stretches far and wide,
 Along the grey wall's southern side
 Its graceful branches wreath;
 And winds of summer sweet and low,
 Among its verdure and its snow,
 Their tender music breathe.

The garden beds that once were gay
 And fragrant all the summer day,
 Are empty and forlorn;
 The hungry bees afar have flown,
 The gravel walks are weed-o'ergrown,
 The trellis rose is torn.

Within the house each empty room
 Is shut in silent, rayless gloom,
 With cheerless hearthstone cold;
 No pictures smile upon the wall,
 No single trace is left of all
 We cherished so of old.

But in the southern sunshine bright,
 And by the jasmine, clad in white,
 A youthful maiden stands,
 With lips that speak of sad unrest;
 A bunch of daisies on her breast,
 And jasmine in her hands.

With farewell looks of aching love,
 Her brown eyes wander round, above,
 It is a sacred spot;
 The home of childish grief and mirth,
 The home whence dearest dead went forth
 To share earth's common lot.

Ah, maiden! as the jasmine snow
 Doth vanish, so the years that go
 Will take this grief away;
 Will give thee older woes as sure,
 As strong, and deep — if not so pure —
 As this of thine to-day.

Yet let the daisies on thy breast
 Teach thee that life's securest rest
 In humble paths doth lie;
 And let the jasmine in thine hand
 Whisper of fairer blossoms fanned
 By sweetest airs on high.

Fear not to muse when far away,
 How summer sunshine gilds each day
 These lonely garden bowers;
 How sweetly yet the thrushes call,
 How climb about the gray old wall
 Thine own loved jasmine flowers.

So may the memory of this home,
 Thy first and dearest, ever come
 With healing strength to thee;
 To mind thee, by its vanished grace,
 Of one prepared abiding-place,
 From sound of farewell free!

All The Year Round.

"SPRING'S SECRETS."

As once I paused on poet wing
 In the green heart of a grove,
 I met the spirit of the spring
 With her great eyes lit of love.

She took me gently by the hand,
 And whispered in my anxious ear
 Secrets none may understand,
 Till she made their meaning clear:

*Why the primrose looks so pale;
 Why the rose is set with thorns;
 Why the magic nightingale
 Through the darkness mourns and mourns.*

She ceased: a leafy murmur sighed
 Softly through the listening trees.
 Anon she uttered, eager-eyed,
 These her joyful mysteries:

*How the angels, as they pass
 With their vesture pure and white
 O'er the shadowy garden grass,
 Touch the lilies into light:*

*Or with hidden hands of love
 Guide the throstle's wavering wings,
 But show their faces bright above,
 Only where the skylark sings.*

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."
 Spectator.

THE PASSING OF THE CLOUD.

THERE came a cloud over yonder hill,
 When the wind was muttering low,
 Round and white as the sails, that fill
 When the winds o'er the ocean go.

And the skirts of the cloud were snowy white,
 But the heart of the cloud was black;
 And the sunshine fled, and the trees in fright
 Murmured and bowed them back.

And the cruel north wind whistled shrill,
 And the south wind sobbed in turn,
 And the east wind shrieked, "Come down and
 kill!"
 And the west wind sighed, "Return!"

But the cloud gave heed to sob nor cry,
 But swept over hill and plain;
 The cloud went by in the broad blue sky,
 And the sunshine came again.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE ENGLISHWOMAN AT SCHOOL.*

IN her "Letters to her Daughter," Lady Mary Wortley Montague introduces this remark: "I have never in all my various travels seen but two sorts of people, and those very like one another — I mean men and women — who always have been and will be the same." Whatever the ambiguity of this sentence, there is no mistake as to what so clear-headed a woman, who despatched commonplaces and sophistries with a touch, really meant; not that men and women are very like one another all over the world, but that the "two sorts" in one country resemble the "two sorts" in another — a fact which few women have had more opportunity of verifying. She might even have added that whatever the progress and changes in social habits — whatever the occasional interchange of parts in the drama of life, from circumstances past control — the "two sorts" would remain distinct to the end of the chapter, and would not be men and women at all if they did not. Under these circumstances there is something tragi-comic in the pains many a worthy writer has taken to prove that men are masculine and women feminine, and that it is for their mutual interest to continue so; while the fact, that these works have been aimed chiefly at the claims of the weaker vessels, would lead to the inference that they are the party most eager to break the appointed bounds. Accordingly the central and special point round which the arguments of these writers revolve is, that woman should fulfil her "mission:" in other words, that nature having intended every Joan to have her John, she should seek and find her true happiness in a delightful round of domestic duties, exactly fitted to her capacity and

strength, and never above either, all directed to John's especial comfort, and to that of the usual conjugal contingencies. The curious part of the argument is that, while it is always taken for granted that there is not only a husband in the case, but a pattern one, whom it will be her privilege to love, honor, and obey, it is as invariably forgotten that there is nothing in this world she is more eager to do. Far from needing pressure or persuasion, the poor lady is as ready to welcome that mirror of manly perfections who is to complete her being, as a duck is to take to the water. It is astonishing how these writers would simplify matters. Their conception of the relative positions of the "two sorts" would seem to be that of a great corporate body, divided into two equal portions — the men on the one side, the women on the other — whence a succession of couples emerge and pair off in regular turns. This is a pretty picture for an Arcadian "cotillon." The mind's eye can see them meeting, giving hands, and gaily careering down the middle; but it is not a picture for the canvas of real life. Such methodical arrangements, stript of all their gilding, would require men and women to return to that primitive form of society where to be marriageable is to marry. But there is no such thing as a state of nature for civilized man: the utmost development he is capable of is his only proper nature. "A highly artificial condition of society" is a phrase apt to inspire an unpleasant impression, as of something which has deviated from sound, simple, and normal habits; but it is only the questionable adjective which is misleading: the thing itself is what every country capable of progress must covet; for it means nothing less than that in proportion as the conditions of life become more difficult and complex, they should be met by more ingenuity, more culture, more forethought, prudence, duty, and self-sacrifice. It is this complex state which interferes with what we fancy the natural relations of life, but which really raises them into a far more pure and ennobling sphere — which compels parents to part with their sons for their good to distant lands, never perhaps to see them again — which drives

* 1. *Reports issued by the Schools' Enquiry Commission on the Education of Girls.*

2. *Journal of the Women's Educational Union.* Edited by Miss Shirreff and George C. T. Bartley.

3. *The Education of American Girls.* Edited by Anna C. Brackett. 1874.

4. *Five Hundred Employments adapted to Women, with the average Rate of Pay in each.* By Miss Virginia Penny. Philadelphia.

5. *Literary and Social Judgments.* By W. R. Greg. 1868.

6. *The Woman's Gazette, or News about Work.* Conducted by L. M. H.

men to live where women of their own station cannot join them — which forces husbands to make their homes in climates where their wives sicken and their children cannot exist, and to continue at their posts so that these loved ones may exist elsewhere. There is no demoralization or disorganization in this. It is rather a transposition of elements; a rooting up in one place to take root in another; a disintegration which stirs and fertilizes, to enrich and to bind again — all fulfilling the original mandate to replenish the earth and subdue it. But in this jostle and dispersion of social parts there is no doubt that the individual suffers though the race advances, and that "the weakest is left to lament."

According to the "Population Returns" of 1851, as quoted by Mr. Greg, there were in England and Wales at that time no less than 1,248,000 women single, between the ages of twenty and forty. Reckoning for the numbers who in England marry after twenty, this total would be considerably diminished; but, even so, it is believed that the permanent number of unmarried women may be accepted as about three-quarters of a million. Nor is the fact, that the estimate was made twenty-seven years ago, likely to have reduced the amount, but rather the reverse. This discloses what must be called a strange social phenomenon, suggestive of desolate positions and bitter needs, which has to be viewed under two aspects. Woman is the helpmeet for man, but man is the support hitherto deemed necessary for woman. Both aspects, in the tremendous extent of their present non-fulfilment, are matters of the gravest and of equal importance; but we have now only to do with the last. Assuming that the majority of these three-quarters of a million women are independent in circumstances, or so placed — especially in the lower ranks — as to support themselves, there still remains a body of single helplessness, living on shifts, alms, votes, and institutions, fit for no work, and eager to take any, of which society at every turn is made aware. There are other ties, it is true, and of a sacred nature, between men and women; but the fact is too evident, that what there

is no husband to supply, is but imperfectly supplemented by father or brother. It is a forlorn sight to see maidens "withering on the stalk;" but it is a piteous one to see them starving on it. Poor ladies — for of such this class is principally made up — may truly say, "All things are against us," for the parents who are bound to protect and provide are too often both the primary and ultimate cause of the misery of their daughters. Misfortunes are, it is true, sometimes of a kind which cannot be foreseen, or prevented; but the breakdown of all power and resources for meeting them can be prevented. False indulgence and false authority are the rocks on which thousands of these poor souls are wrecked. In some homes — and there are too many of them — young women, in the sense of thinking or acting for themselves, may be said never to come of age. They are lapped in a luxury which the stoppage of one heart or one bank suddenly brings to an end; and they are kept in leading-strings or go-carts which prevent their realizing the intention of their own limbs. The incapacity of some parents to perceive when their daughters have come to years of discretion — the jealousy to retain their authority over women more fitted by age to lead them — is a feature peculiar to English life. French mothers have, as M. Mohl used to express it, a *férocité* which dictates the choice in marriage both to son and daughter, and keeps their authority over both, even when married; but they do not turn their daughters out, single and dowerless, into the world, as English parents do. We may rail against French matrimonial arrangements; but, when contrasted with the sufferings of thousands of our countrywomen, the *mariage de convenance* rises in the scale. The case is simple to state. If we accustom a lap-dog to live on chicken, cakes, and cream — to warm washings, aromatic soaps, blue ribbons, and soft rugs — we do perhaps a silly thing; but if after all this petting we turn him out in the cold without a bone, we do a cruel thing. Nor is the matter amended if we have drilled him into perfect obedience, taught him to bark at certain signs, to sit up and beg, and to keep a biscuit on his nose till he is told to eat

it; for all these arts and accomplishments will neither get him a crumb nor spare him a kick in the crowded streets. But this is virtually the practice of many parents towards their grown-up daughters, who are kept in a kind of stalled ease and plenty, are required to look to them for the commonest decision, and who, having been disciplined exactly in those qualities which will least help them in the battle of life, wake up one sad morning with the bitter blast of poverty blowing upon luxurious habits, and with the consciousness of not excelling in one single thing that they can exchange for bread.

Two points are now before us. First, the fact of an enormous surplus of single women in this country; and secondly, not only of single but of destitute and helpless women. And the question is, how these facts can be dealt with. Mr. Greg, like a philosopher as he is, goes to the root of the matter. "Consult Nature," is his specific. Nature intended men and women for each other. Circumstances, more especially in this country, have contributed to divide them. Remedy this by taking means to bring those together whom God intended to unite, and who, separate, can only suffer. The surplus men are on the other side of the world—the surplus women here. In a census of nearly twenty years ago, the men in our North American colonies were proved to exceed the women by 68,167; in Australia and New Zealand, by 214,141; and in the United States by so large a figure, that it was computed it would take two hundred and fifty thousand white women to redress the balance. Send, therefore, the surplus women from this side the globe to the surplus men on the other. On the principles of commercial interchange, nothing would be wiser and more legitimate. The wants of one country are intended to be supplied from the redundancy of another. The laws of demand and supply regulate all healthy national action, and it is only ignorance or despotism that can contravert them. This is perfectly true, or would be perfectly true in this case, if all the propositions were equal—in other words, if men and women were commercial commodities. But our bales of goods in this instance

have prejudices, habits, inclinations, and, above all, free wills; and, in short, cannot be bought and sold. Emigration does already much, but within a certain limit and a particular class. Young and useful women of the lower orders of society, who of all the single women left on our hands could easiest gain their bread here, are carried over in numbers; but this does not help the destitute lady or the one who has been taught to think herself a lady. She would not go into the wilds of a new and infant colony if she could; and she is quite right. The little she can at best do is not in request; and as to marriage, it is one of those things, as we have hinted, which in a civilized community cannot be carried by assault, but must be approached by due minings and zigzags. The remedy, therefore, of "*za mush iti*," or "going to husband," as the Russians express marriage, is not feasible here.

Let us now look for the reasons, not why so many English ladies are single, which these statistics have made obvious, but why they are destitute and helpless also. We have glanced at it partially in the home life to which too many of them are subjected, but it must be sought for equally in the forms of education which have prevailed.*

In the first place, the practice of teaching in this free country, whether in schools or in private families, as carried on by governesses and mistresses, has been entirely of an amateur kind. Not one Englishwoman in fifty has ever devoted herself to learn the art professionally, and certainly not five in fifty have had by nature so strong a vocation for it as to excel without training. While all foreign women—Russian, Swedish, Danish, German, French, and Italian—destined for the career of a

* By "forms of education" are sometimes meant modes of instruction; sometimes a union of both. Education is a subtle and insensible training, educating the better qualities of the character; instruction, a direct and regular process, cultivating the powers of the mind. The English nation, for instance, is the worst instructed, but the best educated in Europe—the Germans, *vice versa*. The indiscriminate use of these terms is too hopelessly rooted in our phraseology to be mended here. We cannot quote a sentence on the subject without finding them misused. But the intelligent reader is too much accustomed to this confusion to be misled by it.

governess or schoolmistress, have been required by law to go through a course of study, submit to examinations, and obtain certificates and matriculations as their indispensable credentials, Englishwomen have embarked in the calling most important to the rising generation with scarcely any other qualifications beyond want and good-will. Many a lady thus placed has, it is true, developed abilities of the highest order, and exercised moral influence of the most beneficent kind; but, as a rule, the governess class have been painfully and curiously unfitted for their duties, have only undertaken them of necessity, and from this very cause they contribute largely to the numbers of the dependent women whose misery is perpetually brought before us. Under these circumstances, it was time that the subject of female instruction in this country should receive systematic investigation; and in the report issued by the Schools' Enquiry Commission we are furnished with the desired information. For the pursuance of this enquiry, extended equally to girls' as to boys' schools, England was divided into districts — each being placed under an assistant commissioner. The sphere of the enquiry may be defined as that lying between the great public schools for boys, and the national and board schools for both sexes for the people — a sphere which, as especially occupied by the middle and lower middle classes, will be recognized, both in nature and extent, as emphatically the most important to the welfare of the State. In this sphere, again, three classes of schools were recognized — *endowed*, *proprietary*, and *private*. Of the benefits of endowed schools the girls of England now partake too sparingly for prominent mention in this enquiry; and proprietary schools, with few exceptions, have been confined to boys. The education, therefore, generally bestowed on girls who leave the parental home, had to be sought for and examined in the domain of the private boarding-schools, of which more than ten thousand were found to exist — the majority being girls' schools. We hardly need to be reminded of the novelty as well as delicacy attending the investigation of such female schools as consented to the enquiry. Fortunately, the same gentlemen were employed for both sexes, and their standard of result has been drawn up, as was natural, from a comparison between the two. And it may be said at once that, painful as are the majority of facts presented to us, the upshot of the enquiry is not so unfavorable to girls' schools as might have

been expected. To be at school at all for a few years, is in itself a relative advantage when compared with the slip-slop programmes and irregular habits of too many homes — for here we speak of that class which keep no regular governess. If also the standard of instruction has been found incredibly low, it has been placed and kept at that level by the ignorance and indifference of parents; and in many cases in direct opposition to the judgment of the ladies at the head of such institutions.

Another point greatly detrimental to the efficient working of female schools is the fact that, being far more numerous, they are much smaller than similar private seminaries for boys; and hence the absence of anything like stimulus and competition. According to the report made by one assistant commissioner, Mr. Fitch, "Nothing can be more extravagant than the waste of money and of educational resources in these small schools. There is little life, no collective instruction, and nothing to call forth the best powers either of teacher or learner, where each class consists of two or three pupils only." Many reasons may be suggested for the prevalence of these "limited establishments for young ladies," but the chief one is the preference entertained for schools which approximate nearest to the conditions of a home. It may be pleaded, that parents are justified in their endeavor to shield their young daughters from what is called the contamination of a large school, and the motive, at any rate, may command respect. But we doubt its soundness. It is natural, and perhaps convenient, to make school responsible for what the mother believes could never have been imbibed at home. But in the inscrutable workings of every young mind, it would be difficult to say how or when the first seed of evil was carried by the winds to its place of fructification. At all events, the ordinary mother of an ordinary home is not altogether the best person to be trusted in her judgment as to the influence of others on her own children. She surrounds them with dulness, and calls it innocence. She prides herself on pasturing her young lambs solely on the scanty herbage of her own small mind, and does not know that it is starvation. She denies them all knowledge of the world they must finally occupy, and has none of her own to put in its place. But such systems — and who does not know them? — are as powerless to keep out "evil communications" as to supply good ones. Moral infection lurks everywhere; in the school of six, as in

that of sixty; in the home as in the convent. The question is, What form of education gives the greater power to resist, the greater amount of counterbalancing good? And this question at best can only be partially solved by the best of schools, for the home alone begins, continues, and completes the real education of most women. The more reason, therefore, to raise the character of school instruction as high as possible; whether as collaborator with the home, and its possible corrective, or as the best guarantee for wiser mothers and better-guided homes in future.

And if the first fundamental defect in school life, namely, its restricted sphere, must be laid at the parental door, it, unfortunately, does not lie there alone. The second defect is worse than the first, for it includes pretty well all the rest; namely, the scattered and incohesive nature of the subjects, and the flimsy manner in which they are taught. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, English history, and English grammar, are the general curriculum set forth in a school advertisement — all other studies coming under the head of "extras." Comparing girls with boys, it is admitted by the commissioners, that, up to the age of twelve or thirteen, the knowledge and intelligence in the best of the ladies' schools are superior to that in the boys' academies of the same standing. The verdict that girls read better, and spell no worse, is confirmed by all examiners. Also that the writing of both is more or less equally distinguished by a clear, round, copy-book character; in which the little feminine fingers are, if anything, more dexterous than those of their brothers. But from twelve to thirteen a strange change comes over the spirit of the writing-desk. It is apparently assumed to be indecorous for girls, rising into womanhood, to write too legibly. Instead, therefore, of continuing to distinguish their "a's," "e's," and "i's" with increasing precision, every letter of the alphabet is suddenly reduced, as far as tops and tails permit, "to the closest imitation of a saw." Hence that strange conformation of handwriting, peculiar to most school-taught girls of the lower section of the middle classes, with which the world is so unfortunately familiar. So curious is this calligraphic convention, that a time may be foreseen when some antiquary will institute enquiry as to the cause for the indiscriminate levelling of the common cursive characters which prevailed among the Englishwomen of the nineteenth century; tracing it, perhaps, to

the strong democratic tendencies of the age, or to some writing-machine then in vogue.

To return, however, to our subject: whatever the writing of the young ladies, they are declared to express themselves in it more clearly and readily than the boys do. Nor did the commissioners detect any difference up to this age between the two in arithmetic. "The girls often evince great quickness in arithmetic, and at least as clear an understanding of the *rationale* of the elementary rules, as is to be found in the best schools for boys. Their knowledge of history and geography is often greater, while the clearness with which they perceive the meanings of the words, and their general interest in reading, are decidedly superior." In Scripture history, too, and knowledge of the Bible, the girls invariably outstrip the boys. But here, with all their bright faculties in healthy progress, the same thing happens that has been described with the handwriting, and the signal is given to check further real growth. Parents, as a rule, see no use in any of these rudiments of a sound education being carried on to real purpose, and from that time — twelve or thirteen years of age — the tree, however vigorous and promising, is cut back, or only allowed a few lateral shoots by way of supposed ornament. So universal a practice can only be assigned to an equally universal motive — generally defined as parental anxiety to keep a girl feminine, and fitted for the home sphere, but in reality, referable exclusively to what the suitor, looming in the distance, will be supposed to prefer. The deity may be long invisible, and perhaps even may never reveal himself, but it is always thought necessary to propitiate him, and the extinction of all dangerous signs of intellectual power is held to be his most acceptable offering.

A large array of subjects may be now kept in the school repertory, but all the young girl is encouraged to learn are a few accomplishments, which, it may be added, are never accomplished. Such "music" and "drawing" as are commonly taught in these establishments are not of the kind readily acknowledged by either of these fine arts. Yet music especially, whether a girl care for it or not, is hammered at in these schools as if the happiness of life depended upon it; the time given in the more "genteel establishments" to that practice being calculated by one of the commissioners to exceed that which is devoted to "history, drawing, arithmetic, German, geography, writing,

English grammar, and the use of the globes, all put together."

French is thought another indispensable acquirement, being generally regarded as giving an intellectual guarantee for the class of education. Of the time spent on this language no computation is possible, since the greater portion is utterly mispent. For we all know the curiously destructive plan which forbids the pupils to talk to each other during certain hours of the day in any other language. Considering the limited vocabulary, to say nothing of the ideas, which constitutes the whole stock in hand of these young ladies, it is not wonderful that a jargon should ensue, as much in play as in earnest, in which purely English commonplaces are interspersed with a few French terminations, e.g., "*Je wouldais, se je couldais, mais je ne cannai pas.*" Even where this absurd practice is not in force, and the language is taught by competent teachers and learned by conscientious pupils, there is something in the languid mental atmosphere of most small schools which is fatal to all thoroughness. There are plenty of girls who work at French for forty weeks in the year, and for ten years of their youth, and yet could not keep up a conversation in it for five minutes. Nor do they get the same intellectual benefit from the language that boys do from Latin. We do not agree with one commissioner in wondering why "foreign languages, which are especially useful in business, in politics, in travel, and in intercourse with the world, should be considered particularly appropriate for that half of the population which spends most of its time at home." What could the poor man be thinking of? Setting aside business, politics, and intercourse with the world, in all of which they are not particularly behindhand, there can be no doubt that of the two halves of the population, taken numerically, the ladies travel the most, and, whatever their small French and less German, are generally wanted as interpreters for their male companions.

We have said that a large array of subjects is kept nominally before a girl, especially in the more fashionable schools, which helps to account for that "scrapiness"—as opposed to thoroughness—that *multa*, as substituted for *multum*, which is the bane of female education. The very assortment of the subjects would require a miracle to make them assimilate in the same juvenile mind. Courses on astronomy and heraldry, on architecture and on botany, translate the scene alternately

from heaven to earth, and from art to nature, and are supposed to fill up spare corners in brain and time. "The days of lecture are looked forward to as an event; dress is especially attended to, and the young ladies, ranged in close order, sit and smile rather as spectators at a festal exhibition than as students." The transitory effect of such teaching—kept up by no study in the interval, supplemented by no reading, and tested by no examination—need not be dwelt upon. Other subjects in the school repertory, equally as strangely assorted—such as pneumatics and Italian—are supposed to remain a dead letter: "For as a matter of fact one finds no girls studying either pumps, or Dante; while as to that mysterious branch of knowledge called 'the use of the globes,' the answer to the first question, 'What is the equator?' generally discourages any further examination."

It has been stated that up to an early point of comparison the girls were found as forward as the boys in common arithmetic. Beyond this the results varied markedly according to the sex of the teacher. "It would be affectation of politeness to say a word on behalf of the arithmetic taught by ladies." As the scale of calculation rose, that of success fell. While one girl out of five failed in simple multiplication and division, seven out of eighteen failed in the compound forms of the same, one out of two in notation, five out of seven in proportion, five out of six in practice, fifty out of fifty-three in vulgar fractions and square root, and all in decimals and interest. So utterly dead were most of the girls' minds, in a school under a mistress, to the commonest operation of arithmetical laws, that they failed to see the absurdity of their own answers. They were not in the least embarrassed to present a sum worked out in subtraction, with a remainder larger than the amount subtracted from; and one young lady, having to solve out the cost of 27 1-2 lbs. of tea, at 5s. 6 1-2d. the pound, triumphantly returned her written answer as 110l. 18s. 4d. Still, nothing can be fairer than the judgment in this respect arrived at by one of the commissioners (Mr. Bryce):—

"The schoolmistresses did not generally appear surprised to find their pupils acquit themselves ill in arithmetic. They believe, and the parents—if parents think about the matter at all—share their belief, that girls have for numbers a natural incapacity and a natural hatred, against which it is almost useless, and perhaps not very important, to struggle. This belief seems to be quite without foundation.

I found several schools, among which I may particularly mention the Institute Girls' School in Liverpool, and two private schools in Manchester, whose names, were it permissible, I should be glad to give, in which the arithmetic was excellent, quite up to the level of that in boys' schools, and where the scholars took an evident pleasure in it; and I received a great deal of testimony from persons whose means of observation qualified them to speak, all tending the same way. So far from being necessarily bad arithmeticians, there is some reason to think that girls, being by nature quicker at most things than boys, are quicker at figures also, and can go through the common operations of adding, subtracting, and so forth, either mentally or on paper, as easily as boys can. Several persons who admit this may be heard to maintain that girls have less power of abstraction, and are less able to grasp, remember, and apply, arithmetical principles. But we are not obliged to assume any such cause for their present general inferiority in arithmetic, since it is sufficiently accounted for by the quantity and quality of the arithmetical teaching which they receive.* As has been stated already, arithmetic occupies, in the more expensive schools, not more than one-thirteenth of a girl's time, in the cheaper ones perhaps one-tenth. Then the teaching is generally very poor, lifeless, and unintelligent. . . .

If there be any truth in the reproach so often made against the education of women—that it leaves them disposed to guess where they ought to reason, with no idea of the value of accuracy and no power of concentrating their attention—this may be in a large measure attributed to the all but universal neglect of so valuable a means of mental discipline as the scientific study of arithmetical supplies.

As a general summing-up of the characteristics of the teaching given to girls, we give the following passage:—

We find, as a rule, a very small amount of professional skill, an inferior set of school books, a vast deal of dry uninteresting task-work, rules put into the memory with no explanation of their principles; no system of examination worthy of the name; a very false estimate of the relative value of the several kinds of acquirement; a reference to effect, rather than to solid worth; a tendency to fill or adorn, rather than to strengthen the mind.

* In the distribution of prizes at the North London Collegiate and Camden Street Schools for girls which took place last July, Mr. Mason, an official examiner, referring to an article in the *Saturday Review*, thus expresses himself: "The writer of that article, not being really acquainted with the strides in the education of girls within the last few years, has unfortunately selected for ridicule physiology and arithmetic; the very two subjects in which they have proved themselves most efficient. As an examiner of pupils of both sexes, he must confess that the girls are rapidly outstripping their brothers in the power with which they grapple with questions in mathematics." (*Journal of Women's Educational Union*, July 1877, p. 107.)

After this declaration we may turn with greater confidence to the more favorable side of the commissioners' report, and on two main points it is most unreserved. The first concerns the girl's abstract capacity for intellectual attainments, which "on weighty evidence" is pronounced by one gentleman "to be the same, or nearly the same, in the two sexes." Another adds that, "in mixed schools taught by masters, I found no difference of attainments between boy and girl." Again, in one of the very few private schools where Latin was taught, and where girls of sixteen and seventeen were able to translate Cæsar and Virgil, "If I were to compare girls' translations with boys', I should say that girls showed more taste, boys more accuracy." In another school the girls were particularly fond of algebra; and in a proprietary school, "in which boy and girl were working side by side in the same class, the girls were quite as proficient as the boys in Euclid, though I cannot say the same of their algebra."

One commissioner adds, incidentally, evidence of an important kind as to the effect of the highest intellectual exercise upon the feminine deportment:—

It happens that the finest manners I ever saw among young people—the most perfect self-possession, modesty, and freedom from affectation—were in a class of girls who were brought up to me to demonstrate a problem in Euclid. It would be a strange commentary on our present system of education, if it could be proved that the studies, which are supposed to elevate and refine men, had an opposite effect on the other sex. But though unproved, and probably grossly untrue, there are many who believe it.

The more we look into this subject the more are we convinced that the prejudice against a high class of education for women does not proceed from the male half of the creation, unless influenced by their wives! There are special aims now proposed by women, on the propriety of which men may be divided; but for the chief evils, whether of home or school, under which they suffer till too late to mend them, and into the nature of which men have little insight, they have in every respect, directly and remotely, primarily and ultimately, to thank their own sex. If in too many instances the lady teacher is incompetent for her task, in far more she is thwarted in it, as we have hinted, by the intolerable apathy and silliness of the parents—this last "noun plural" in most cases doing duty for one parent only. For *paterfamilias* of the middle and lower-

middle class seldom knows anything more of his daughter's education beyond the periodical signing of a cheque on its behalf. The complaints of the teachers as to the prejudicial influence of home dictation pervade the whole report. One lady says: "It is not pleasant to bear the whims of the very people for whose children you are trying to do your best." Another: "I have remonstrated on the folly of teaching music to the hopelessly unmusical, their time might be so much better spent; but parents are inexorable." A third: "The prejudices of parents are my greatest hindrances; their only object seems to be display." One mother, observing that her daughter is getting truly interested in her school-work, "comes to me, and says, 'Now, Miss —, you must not make Augusta a blue;' another fond parent does not disguise her motives, 'Time is short, and we must make a show;' while a third pleads, 'What's the use of Julia's learning to sum? Her husband, you know, will keep her accounts for her.'"

This lady has given the clue to the hidden link in this curious machinery. Like the books of advice addressed to the female sex, the system revolves round one secret but central idea, and is directed by one unconfessed but well-understood aim. We do not so much quarrel with the assumption that the husband is to make all square in Julia's accounts as well as in everything else; but so illogical and uncomplimentary a thesis as that which underlies all this flimsy system — namely, that it improves a girl's chances of marriage — will not readily be endorsed by the other contracting party. Women themselves, with the commonest share of that shrewdness which is the prerogative of the sex, are perfectly aware that, in Lord Jeffrey's words, "their stockings may be as blue as they please, if their petticoats are but long enough." What, indeed, does a husband profit by the tune that cannot be played "without my notes?" by the drawing which cannot truly portray the commonest feature in nature or art? by the French which cannot translate or write a letter of business or ceremony for him? by the education, in short, which cannot verify an account, or supply a date, or discuss a topic in which an intelligent man and his friends take interest? By what authority such a fiction has taken possession of the maternal mind, it would be hard to say; but we cannot too often repeat that it is thence alone that it derives its origin. Nor will women of a higher

calibre dispute this verdict. A well-known distinguished lady, whose superior mind and acquirements made her the helpmeet for the great man whose name she bears, his stay and counsellor in all he undertook, the pride of his heart, and the magnet of his home — this lady, on being appealed to by her young friends to direct them how to cultivate their minds so as to obtain the resources they admire in her, invariably replies, "My dear, I would not do so for the world. *What would your mother say?*"

Far from levelling this wholesale insult at their fellow-countrymen, Englishwomen (though we say it that should not) ought to be proud of that which distinguishes their lovers and husbands from those of other lands. The Englishman is worldly enough in all conscience; still, of all the European family, he alone is truly romantic in the choice of his life's companion. He claims his national independence (eccentricity some would call it) in this as in other things, and many an insignificant and dowdier girl, invested by his fancy alone with every charm, is lifted into a position of comfort and consequence which she has not always the sense to appreciate — for he takes her in spite of her shallowness and ignorance, and not because of it. If she happens to be extremely beautiful or distinguished-looking, there is hardly a grade in the land to which she may not aspire. This characteristic of the Englishman did not escape the observation of George Sand, who wrote her tale "*Jeanne*" to illustrate it. *Jeanne* was an utterly illiterate herdsman, but so beautiful that lovers of various nations beset her. There was the German baron, and the French *avocat*, and there was the English baronet. All loved, and wanted to be loved in return, but the Englishman alone offered marriage. Under these circumstances, no matter what the comparative paucity of chances implied by the figures of single women given above, or the many prizes which turn out to be worse than blanks, it would be vain to expect that the turn for speculation inherent in the female breast should be proof to the chances of such a lottery. That can be readily condoned. But the ungrateful pretext, that a girl's mind is kept vacant purposely to suit the matrimonial market, is too preposterous to be allowed to pass. There is not a dandy so empty, whose vanity, at all events, would not resent the insinuation.

At any rate the commissioners were not deceived by it, and it is amusing to read how the arguments for fitting a girl for her

supposed conjugal sphere are turned against themselves.

Nothing is more common than to hear the difference in the future destiny of girls and boys assigned as a reason for the difference in the character and extent of their intellectual training. A girl, it is urged, is fated to be a wife and a mother, and must therefore be educated for domestic life. But I cannot find out that any part of the training given in ladies' schools educates them for domestic life, or prepares them for duties which are supposed to be especially womanly. I am repeatedly told that cooking, the government of servants, the superintendence of their work, the right management of the house, and the power to economize all the resources of a household, are of more importance to a girl than learning. All this may be true, *but then these things are not taught in schools.* . . . Everywhere the fact that the pupil is to become a woman and not a man operates upon her course of study, negatively, not positively. It deprives her of the kind of teaching boys receive, but it gives her little or nothing in exchange. It certainly gives her no exceptional teaching adapted to her career as a woman.

We have mentioned the first point laid down by the commissioners, namely, the equal capacity of the two sexes under equal conditions—an equality not necessarily so much in the items as in the sum total. We now come to the second point, which, if due justice were done to the governess or schoolmistress, appears to be no less indisputable. Like her pupil, the mistress suffers from bad home education, wretched teaching, from lack of all training, and from entire isolation in the difficulties of her task. Nevertheless the fair and upright judgment of the commissioners pronounce her to be by nature, and especially for girls, a better teacher than a man.

If governesses were better instructed, the need for employing masters would almost totally disappear. At present the general disposition to employ them in girls' schools simply amounts to an admission that the mistresses are imperfectly trained. Of two persons, a man and a woman, who have an equally accurate acquaintance with a given subject, it may be fairly assumed that the woman is likely to be the better teacher. All the *natural* gifts, which go so far to make a good teacher, she possesses in a higher degree. In sympathy with learners, in the imaginative faculty which helps her to see what is going on in their minds, in the tact which seizes upon the happiest way to remove a difficulty, or to present a truth, in insight into character, and in patience and kindness, she is likely to excel him. A larger proportion of women than of men may be said to be born teachers; gifted by nature with the art of communicating what they know. It is because, as a rule, they *do*

not know thoroughly the subjects included even in the narrow and pretentious curriculum of the ordinary ladies' school, that they so often avail themselves of the services of masters. Other reasons are often assigned, but, as far as I have been able to judge, this is the true reason even when least avowed. . . . My examination of the girls' schools has left on me a strong impression that, for all the ordinary intellectual work of a school, women are more appropriate teachers for girls than men; and that, *up to the measure of their own knowledge*, they can always teach with at least equal skill and effect.

There can be no doubt that a system like that which the enquiry has exposed, long entailed from ill-educated mothers to daughters, and from ill-instructed teachers to pupils, goes far to account for the helpless and exceptional conditions under which a large body of our countrywomen now suffer. But there are causes which lie deeper still. A country like England, the stronghold of ancient customs and the leader of modern progress—possessed equally by the spirit of liberty and of prejudice—insular, as much morally as geographically—is found, when viewed below the surface, to abound in anomalies puzzling to her own people and incomprehensible to others. And few perhaps are greater than those which affect her female population, which lead to the over-protection of one part of it and to the over-neglect of another, which give the prosperous and pampered woman every indulgence, and the poor and forlorn one no rights. The discovery of these jarring contrasts has broken upon us with comparative suddenness, disturbing complacent dreams of a national condition believed, and not unnaturally, to be eminently conducive to private virtue and happiness. For while the social and domestic aspect of female life in this country has presented a picture of charm, worth, and intelligence uncombined in the same degree elsewhere; while the force of custom has so far overridden the power of law as to permit to Englishwomen an equality and ease in mingling with the other sex, unknown in other lands; it has been difficult to credit the suffering and injustice gradually preparing for them from causes which sooner or later take precedence of all others. As long as all goes prosperously in a community, inconsistencies may be hidden and injustices glossed over; but when that form of civil war commences which is represented by the *struggle for bread*, veils are torn aside, and glossings disappear. That women should, like men, fall under the primal sentence of the sweat of

the brow, is nothing new with us. Above three millions of Englishwomen already earn their own living. But now the mandate, "If ye work not, neither shall ye eat," has gone forth to a higher class of our countrywomen, and it finds them miserable and helpless, because totally unprepared. Mr. Froude in his address to the students at St. Andrews, spoke these words: "A child, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and to take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties he has brought with him." The same must now be said, and more strongly still, for the female child in a state of society liable to set her adrift without provision, and without the right in many respects to provide for herself. Two points have been established by this school commission — the capacity of the girl to learn, and that of the duly-trained woman to teach. So inadequately have both these faculties been acknowledged in our middle classes, that our national and elementary schools are known to give incomparably better instruction, as far as it goes, than the so-called young lady receives at a "genteel" private establishment. Accordingly a cry for the higher education of women has gone forth, resulting both actually and experimentally, in one of the most important movements in the middle and the lower-middle classes that this country has witnessed. The machinery for this purpose which a few years has sufficed to bring into action, by the usual English process of private effort and organization, is becoming so extended, that a short retrospect of its nature may interest even the general reader.

It would be difficult to trace precisely the first stirrings in public opinion on behalf both of a better and cheaper form of instruction for girls. The need for it was sure to make itself felt in a community like London, mainly composed of hard-working professional men, where fathers of large families could ill afford to send their daughters to boarding-schools and where the average houses can spare but little accommodation for resident governesses. The institution of King's College and University College Schools for London boys similarly placed, doubtless first suggested corresponding plans for their sisters. We find accordingly that Queen's College (in Harley Street) was founded in 1848 chiefly by gentlemen connected with King's College, among whom the names of Professor Maurice and of the present Archbishop of Dublin were

foremost as successive principals. Bedford College* followed in 1849; both being furnished with a staff of distinguished names as professors and lecturers. As examples also of the powers for organization and tuition inherent in women, the Camden Town Schools, conducted by Miss Buss, and the Cheltenham College by Miss Beale, were among the first and most prominent — both of late enriched by considerable endowments. But the earliest public step in favor of women was taken about nineteen years ago, when the University of Cambridge first opened what are called its "local examinations" for candidates under eighteen years of age, to girls; an example followed some years later by Oxford. These consist of an annual examination by the regular university examiners, equally of boys and girls, on the same subjects and by the same papers, at different parts of the country, called "centres;" the examinations being followed by the distribution of certificates according to the number of marks obtained. These "centres" are open to such schools, collegiate or private, and such private individuals, as desire to take advantage of formal educational tests, the candidates being divided into two classes, juniors and seniors. It is obvious that these opportunities of competition act with equal stimulus on scholars and teachers; the standard attained by the one being the directest evidence of the efficiency of the other. The consequence has been a rapidly increasing number of "centres," which in 1874 amounted to fifty-two. The average results, as drawn up in the seventeenth report of the syndicate — comprising the examinations from 1870 to 1874 — are so curious, as regards the relative positions held by the girls, as to warrant our giving an abridgement of them here: —

Grammar, Juniors. The answers sent up to the questions in etymology were on the whole very satisfactory. The papers of the girls were decidedly better than those of the boys, although, in this respect, the difference was not so striking as it has been in former years.

Grammar, Seniors. The work of the girls was better done than that of the boys. . . .

Arithmetic, Juniors. There is both with boys and girls a very remarkable falling-off in the percentage of candidates who obtain more than half of the full marks. . . . The quality of the teaching given to the girls, and the methods used by them, appear in many instances decidedly unsatisfactory, and not nearly so good as is the case with the boys.

* Now removed to 8 and 9 York Place, Portman Square.

Arithmetic, Seniors. Of the boys, ten per cent. failed; of the girls, twenty per cent. failed. It is clear from these results, that the teaching of arithmetic is very defective in some of the schools for boys, and in very many of the schools for girls. As evidence of what may be done by skilful teaching, it is sufficient to mention that in one school, sending in seventy-four girls for this examination, three only failed. . . .

Religious Knowledge, Old Testament. The girls, as before, were much superior to the boys, but there was great and decided improvement in the work of the latter. . . .

Catechism. The girls have not only a smaller percentage of candidates rejected than the boys, but also their papers on the average secured one-fourth more marks.

Shakespeare, Juniors. As in the previous year, the boys often failed in power of expression, and handled the language clumsily, while the girls were for the most part more fluent and ready. . . .

LATIN Cicero, Pro Lege Manilia. The Regent's Park centre girls showed careful preparation, all the candidates from that centre passing in accidence.

Horace, Epistles. The best papers not so good, nor the worst so bad as the corresponding papers last year. About sixteen per cent. of the boys and twenty per cent. of the girls failed to obtain one-tenth of the marks assigned to the paper.

French, Juniors. The average work of the girls of higher quality than last year, though several seem not to have accurately read the questions before answering them.

French, Seniors. The examiners think it their duty to state that a large number of candidates present themselves who are almost wholly unprepared. On the other hand, a very considerable number of candidates, especially of girls, have acquitted themselves in such a manner as to win the warm approbation of the examiners.

German. The senior girls obtained a larger average of marks than the boys, and many more distinctions. . . .

MATHEMATICS. Algebra, Juniors. The girls made just the same mistakes as the boys, but their papers were a little more neat and tidy; twenty-four boys and one girl did well.

In this verdict one is at first disposed to see nothing more — all conditions being otherwise equal — than the natural distinction between the sexes: the greater readiness and painstaking of the girls on a large area of common and lower mental ground, the greater power of the boys on narrower but higher ground. But all conditions, we must remember, are not equal, and the inequality tells both ways. If the girls are sharper than the boys, they are on their promotion — “new brooms;” while, on the other hand, the boys are obviously only warming to the novel compe-

tion. If, again, the boys have taken the lead in the abstruser subjects, this would seem partly attributable to superiority in teaching. But an important element operating in these youthful rivalries between boy and girl is one sure to recur in all subsequent competitions between the man and the woman, namely, that we have here, and always shall have, the pick of the female sex as opposed to the lower level of the whole body, rank and file included, of the male. In 1874 the aggregate number of girl candidates was 1428; of boys, 2652; and it is safe to predict that, in later-life competitions between the two, the disproportion will be infinitely greater.

The next public step in favor of higher female education was taken by the youngest university in the land, namely, by that of London, though even here originally in a cautious and modified form. It was first in 1867 that a supplemental charter was obtained, giving powers to that institution to grant special examinations and certificates to women students; both privileges, however, being kept separate, in character and time of year, from those provided for the male students. These examinations, which entitled the successful candidate to the honor of matriculation, and two supplementary examinations, carrying with them certificates of higher proficiency, were, no doubt, of a certain commercial benefit to ladies desirous of becoming teachers. Still their insufficiency was felt as only comparing women with women, and therefore failing to give that prestige of equality as to competence on given points with the other sex, which was the desired object. All the same, the results bore highly favorable witness to female powers of study, the first prize in jurisprudence, for example, being awarded to a young lady in 1874, who two years before had obtained the same in political economy. After that, the Senate relaxed their rules, and decided that the women's general examination should be identical in all respects with that for the ordinary matriculation of men, and this has been the rule since 1876.*

The next move, both in point of time and progressive value, is owing to Cambridge, where admission to certain of the more elegant lectures had for years been permitted, as a favor, to ladies desirous of self-improvement. In due time these

* While these sheets are passing through the press, we are informed that the Senate has obtained from the crown a supplemental charter, which enables the university to grant all its degrees, alike in arts, law and medicine, to women as well as men.

privileges expanded into a small but regularly organized Association for the Extension of Female Education, affording both lectures and examinations to girls above seventeen, and managed by a mixed syndicate of ladies and gentlemen, of which an M.A. of St. Catherine's College was secretary, and another of Trinity College, treasurer. The fees were fixed at a guinea the course, and half that price for those intending to be governesses—a building for residence, called Merton College, of which a lady was principal, being assigned for students from a distance. The rapid growth of this association attested the value in which it was held. No less than twenty-two professors threw open their lectures, special exhibitions and scholarships clustered round, larger lecture rooms had to be taken, Merton College became too confined to lodge the extramural candidates, Newnham Hall took its place, and, greatest wonder of all, the tables were turned, and, "by grace of the Senate," the women's lectures and their examination curriculum were extended to lads of the same age, and, like them, not members of the university. In addition to the facilities thus afforded by the association, further private instruction is also attainable by the more advanced women students. Of these, three ladies thus trained presented themselves in 1875 to be examined by the regular university examiners, two in the papers of the moral science tripos, and one in those of the classical and mathematical tripos. All three acquitted themselves admirably, though denied that formal stamp of recognition which would have followed similar success in the person of a male student. But the association thought so highly of the young lady who had distinguished herself in the moral science test, that they appointed her to deliver lectures on moral philosophy in place of a professor who wished to retire, and this she continues to do to this time.

We now come to the crowning of the edifice, a bolder and more direct step than any yet taken. For in the institutions for female education already described, the principal aim has been to certify the fitness of women for the position of teachers and governesses. But, in the words of one of the commissioners, "the real way to remedy the great need was to begin by teaching not all the actual, but all the possible teachers; that is, women at large." Accordingly the publication of a more ambitious programme than any that had gone forth before astonished an incredulous

world by asserting the existence of a demand for knowledge among women for its own sake. This was nothing less than the plan of a college "for the express purpose of providing the means for carrying on the education of young women above eighteen years of age, analogous to those afforded by the older universities to young men." The scheme was laid with a sagacity worthy of the cause. For the advocates for higher education for women were fully aware that the comparison of like with like, as formerly in the London University, afforded no positive and unimpeachable standard. Accordingly they started the plan with the disclaimer of all crude and untried methods. It was not for women to presume to strike out any new paths of their own. Those that had been sanctioned by the long usage of the male sex were good enough for them. They might be mistaken for interlopers, but they repudiated all charge of being innovators. Their ambition was bounded to the simple participation in the usages and regulations, tests and standards, of our ancient seats of learning. In short, all they aspired at was to become undergraduates in the garb of women; not on the fantastic and poetical pattern of those in Tennyson's "Princess," but in the prosaic sense of full conformity to university work and rules. Who could resist such modest pretensions? The College for Women—for they took the bull by the horns even in the name—first temporarily started at Hitchin, and since located at Girton—was established in 1863, its existence in the first instance, its rules and administration for years, being chiefly the work of a clever woman, Miss Emily Davies, who for a short period was mistress of the institution. The position was so chosen as to obviate all objections or difficulties on the score of distance, for Girton is only two miles from Cambridge. The sequel has proved that the fair plotters had not reckoned without their host, and were doubtless pretty sure of him from the first. Both singly and corporately the authorities have admitted the claim of earnest women to be taught and tested, but to *nothing more*, on which point we shall speak further.

Girton College has now stood its trial for ten years with increasing popularity, the applicants for admission being more numerous than the present size of the building can accommodate, assuring to its inmates the same three years' course of systematic study which men obtain at the universities, the same curriculum as that

of Cambridge, the same teaching by Cambridge professors, the same examinations at the same academical periods, on the same subjects and with the same papers, that have been the portion for generations and generations of successive undergraduates.

We have thus given an outline of the separate and fragmentary societies connected with the universities, as they succeeded each other in point of time. Their success, however encouraging, could ill remedy evils and supply deficiencies, which every half-year made more apparent. These societies themselves revealed the need of a larger scheme still to give them help, protection, and unity, and at the same time to fill up the many links still missing in the educational scale. Meanwhile the revelations of the Schools' Enquiry Commission had sunk deep into the minds of an enlightened and philanthropic section of society, accustomed to deal with subjects of home reform. After a period of mature deliberation, a comprehensive plan was struck out, in the evolving and practical preparation of which a lady, long distinguished by her interest in the subject, Mrs. William Grey, took the lead. To this lady, and to her sister, Miss Shirreff, it may at once be stated, the cause has been indebted for persistent study, advocacy, and help, and for much of the success it has attained. It was in November, 1871, that the National Union for Improving the Education of Women was inaugurated, presided over by the princess Louise, and with a vice-president and a committee composed of distinguished individuals of both sexes, and including high names in Church and State. The objects of this "Women's Educational Union," which is its shorter title, are as follows:—

1. To bring into communication all individuals and associations engaged in promoting the education of women, and to collect and register, for the use of members, all information bearing on that education.
2. To promote the establishment of good schools, at a moderate cost, for girls of all classes above those provided for by the Elementary Education Act.
3. To aid all measures for extending to women the means of high education after the school period, such as colleges and lectures for women above eighteen, and evening classes for women already earning their own maintenance.
4. To provide means for training female teachers, and for testing their efficiency by examinations of recognized authority, followed by registration according to the fixed standard.
5. To improve the tone of public opinion

on the subject of education itself, and on the national importance of the education of women.

Such are the objects: the machinery for them consists in a central committee, and in branch committees founded wherever persons of local influence are willing to undertake their management. Important bodies, such as the Society of Arts, the Social Science Association, the College of Preceptors, the Scholastic Registration Society, and the London Mistresses' Association, readily complied with the invitation to send their representatives to the central committee, and many previously existing educational associations spontaneously joined the union. In short, as an arch conservative expressed himself, it represents "a widely ramifying conspiracy." The first step taken was the publication of the monthly journal, the title of which heads this paper, admirably conducted by Miss Shirreff and by George C. T. Bartley. The second step was the foundation of the Girls' Public Day-Schools' Company, Limited. Comparatively little, despite their rapid and immense success, as the existence and working of these schools, generally called "high schools," are known, we hesitate the less to describe them briefly. The very title startles many, who are unaware that boys' school companies are no longer things of novelty. This company, formed on behalf of girls' education, is distinguished by a more comprehensive character than any of its predecessors, being bound by legal articles to promote certain objects in a certain manner, and to extend its sphere of operations wherever or whenever required. It was not, as we have hinted, the lot of the girls of England to find ancient endowments ready to be diverted by an act of Parliament to their use; in default of which it was felt that no appeal to the charity of the public, even if sufficiently responded to, could guarantee those conditions of stability and elasticity, which are supplied by a basis of modern commercial principles.

The first high school, in connection with the union, was opened on the 1st of January, 1873, at Chelsea; its system being especially framed to correct the defects pointed out by the Schools' Enquiry Commission; to substitute reality for show, thoroughness for superficiality; and to test intelligence and progress by frequent examinations—the curriculum being not so different as the mode of its working. The school year comprises three terms; the day, four hours; with optional attend-

ance in the afternoon to prepare lessons. The fees for pupils under ten are three guineas a term; for the same pupil remaining after ten, and for those pupils entering between ten and thirteen, four guineas a term during the whole period of their stay: for pupils entering above thirteen, equally for the whole period of their stay, five guineas a term. No extras, except for books and new music — arrangements for dining at a moderate charge. The result shows how wide and urgent was the want that has been supplied, and how rightly chosen the financial means adopted. In the course of five years the one high school at Chelsea has been multiplied into fifteen dispersed throughout the country, all filled or filling, and active; the number of girls receiving a first-rate education amounts to just two thousand; shares are already guaranteed for six more schools; and, above all, the dividend just given upon those existing is five per cent. Thus we may consider the great question of ways and means to be solved, "for the only guarantee for the immense capital needed to remedy the educational destitution of thousands of English girls is to prove that money may be safely invested in schools for them." Maternal scruples have also vanished before good example and cheapness, and girls of all classes in our jealous and exclusive society sit side by side. One good entails another. With this extension of education for girls comes also an increase of employment for women, and that of a most profitable kind. The mistress of every high school receives a fixed salary of 250*l.*, augmented by a minimum capitation fee of 1*l.* upon every pupil exceeding one hundred — all the buildings being calculated for the reception of two hundred and fifty.* At the same time it can be no matter of astonishment that properly qualified women, whether as heads or subordinates, are difficult to find. The union has therefore founded an institution — opened only this year — for the training and registration of teachers, thus affording in the higher ranks of instruction that professional system, which has been

hitherto confined to our national and elementary schools. Further offsets have also been adopted and established as follows: —

A system of instruction and examination by correspondence, for the benefit of women living in remote parts, and unable to obtain, or to afford, oral teaching; the teachers being graduates, or women who have passed in one of the tripos examinations; the fee, four guineas a year, or two guineas for those preparing for the profession of teaching. This system, which is due to the Rugby Association for the Higher Education of Women, is working successfully.

The establishment of a Students' Library at 112 Brompton Road; already highly useful in lending the books recommended by the university for the higher local examinations.

The institution of a Teachers' Loan Society, for advances; just beginning an independent course.

But the feature most significant of the foresight and liberality of the union is the number of scholarships they have founded to assist girls in the expenses of education. In the first year of its existence, the union gave seven scholarships of 25*l.* each; not limited to their own progeny, the high schools, but extended to one student at University College, London, to a second at the University of Dublin, to a third competing for the Cambridge examination, and so on. The extent to which the example of the union has been followed, in this respect, is a welcome contrast to the opposition which the cause has suffered from some quarters. On all sides there is an emulation in liberality. The city companies have taken the lead — brewers, clothworkers, fishmongers, goldsmiths, vying with each other. The brewers have given 20,000*l.* for the buildings of the North London Collegiate and Camden Street Schools, each capable of holding four hundred pupils: also the interest of another 20,000*l.* as an endowment for scholarships. The clothworkers have agreed to contribute 2,500*l.* towards the building of a hall of assembly for the upper school. They also give, "during the pleasure of the court," a hundred guineas annually for scholarships to this educational institution, one of fifty guineas to Girton College, and two of twenty-five guineas each to young ladies at Newnham Hall attending the Cambridge lectures. Private individuals swell the grateful list, among whom are prominent the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, Mrs. William Grey herself,

* In the number of girls' schools in different parts of the country, now recommended by the Endowed Schools' Commission — though waiting for the action of government to start on their career — the fixed salaries of head mistresses, while ranging chiefly from 50*l.* to 100*l.* a year, would be liberally augmented by capitation fees. In the North London Collegiate School, with a salary of 100*l.*, the mistress's minimum income would stand at 900*l.* the maximum at 1,300*l.*; in St. Paul's School, London, with a salary of 200*l.*, the minimum at 1,100*l.*, the maximum at 2,000*l.* Such prizes acknowledge the need of women principals on a par in every intellectual respect with the best-instructed men.

the present first lord of the admiralty, the subscribers to the testimonial to Lord Lawrence, Mr. Phillips Jodrell—who, both by gift and loan, largely aids in the education of ladies intended for teachers—and lastly Mr. R. S. Wright, who devotes 100*l.* a year as a scholarship to Girton College, being the proceeds of his fellowship at Oriel.

We have now given a sketch of the past and present of women's education in this country. It would be difficult to show greater contrasts than the two pictures present. Dr. Chalmers said with truth of religion, apropos of the poor and godless masses in Glasgow, that those who need it most are the last to seek it. In our haste we might have said the same as regards female education in this country. Nations that are beginning to revive, and nations that are beginning to live, have alike long preceded us on the road. We were distanced even by little Piedmont, who forestalled us in her compulsory education for girls and boys by nineteen years. Normal schools have also existed in Piedmont for more than thirty years, extended now to the chief cities of Italy, and containing, strange to say, three times as many girls as boys. Though the Italian government has been hampered by the number of private schools attached to nunneries, yet the regulation laid down, under penalty of dissolution, that only teachers bearing the government diploma shall be employed, minimizes the misuse of their power. Educational courses, both at Rome and Florence, are also provided by the State, and the fifteen Italian universities are open to women for instruction, examination, and *degrees*. Russia, on the other hand, may be said to be taking the lead of all other European countries in female culture. A powerful tide of intellectual life is sweeping across her vast plains from Poland to Asia, extending upward into latitudes where the mind has been supposed to freeze as much as the body. Wherever institutions for the higher forms of learning are opened to women, they are at once overcrowded. Twenty-six institutes (boarding-schools), founded by successive empresses, receive the daughters of the poorer *noblesse*. One hundred and eighty-six gymnasia or day-schools, of different grades, for middle-class education, scattered through the empire, contained, in 1872, twenty-three thousand four hundred girls, and turned out annually about one thousand certificated pupils. The highest schools of medicine and surgery are opened to wo-

men. The Russian girl, in her thirst for knowledge and determination to obtain it, is altogether a new and curious product in our hemisphere. With the crudest notions of political science, she is panting to enter the arena of the physical sciences. The mere varnish of French fashions and frivolities, which the upper class of society have imbibed, have but little to do with this movement. The intellectual sap comes not from the surface but from the heart of the nation. A signal and most curious proof of the honor in which female education is held among the Russians was afforded on the marriage of the Duchess of Edinburgh. What royal or imperial bride ever received such wedding presents as those which the Russian people thought most acceptable to their grand duchess? The Moscow nobles established in her name thirteen exhibitions—answering to the number of the *arrondissements* in the government—for the local schools for girls. The Nijni-Novgorod municipality founded fifty exhibitions, half for boys, half for girls. The municipality of St. Petersburg voted three thousand roubles a year for the technical education of women; the municipality of Moscow founded a grammar school for one hundred girls. These facts may be held to represent a partial, and perhaps forced development in the chief capitals. But Tobolsk, in Siberia, did the same in its own fashion, and from the length and breadth of the empire—from Riga to Yaroslavl and Perm—from Irkutsk to the river Don—flowed tributes of the same kind.

But while admitting our own shortcomings in this particular respect, and honoring all the efforts of other countries, it would be only a false modesty that would lead us to blush before them. Our lot for generations has been to work out other problems, as much for our neighbors' benefit as for our own. Too prosperous to feel an evil until it becomes, as in this case, national in dimensions; too complicated to move quickly; and too free to be impatient about moving at all; this woman question, in our social polity, has come late upon us. Not that the *right* of women to high culture has ever been disputed here, or their capacity to receive it ever left without proof. Too many fathers have voluntarily placed their daughters in point of education on a par with their sons; too many distinguished Englishwomen have adorned their homes and society, and fulfilled alike the highest and the commonest duties too admirably, for any

other reproach to be cast on us, except that we have trusted too blindly, both as individuals and as a public, to the sense and duty of parents to perform their responsibilities. Even with all the pitiful shortcomings in home and school tuition, there is an insensible education that women pick up in England, partly from their greater and easier contact with men, and from the diffusion of the periodical press, which is peculiar to this country. How else can we account for the fact that, despite the better instruction under certificated teachers long enjoyed in other countries, our ladies are found as a rule superior to their foreign sisters in general sense and intelligence, courage, and independence of mind? What man of sense also is there in England, who really objects to a well-informed companion for life? The very ploughman who cannot, or who could not read and write, is proud of "a missis" who can do both. There is no need to take cognizance here of the fool or the brute who despises, or affects to despise, a woman he knows to be superior to himself—and as little of the so-called "strong-minded," graceless, useless woman, who pleases her own sex as little as she does the other. Education in itself is the firm and hearty supporter of the throne of duty, never its usurper—meant as a resource for leisure hours and old age—as an additional bond between husband and wife, father and daughter, and only affecting the duties of either in the shape of better sense in their exercise.

If the two sexes appear in some respects to be arrayed against each other in this question, it is owing to those circumstances which have disturbed what has been hitherto thought the natural arrangements of life. A new thing, only suspicious because it is new, is demanded, to remedy a lost balance, and the *esprit de corps* is at once up in arms on the one side, and the sense of a long-existing grievance militant on the other. For one charge driven home with some asperity against the male sex is that, while English boys have been helped by endowments in every form, English girls have not had so much as the crumbs which fall from their tables. But this injustice may be included among those things "which are not what they seem." In past days the necessity for women of the gentry and middle classes to earn their own living, did not enter into the general calculation. Benefactors left endowments for the benefit of the male descendants of their own townsmen forever, simply in the belief

that they, equally forever, would be the bread-winners of the community. In providing for the man, provision was believed to be made for the woman, as the greater includes the less. To bring up his sons to the struggle and competition of professional work, has been generally as much as the lawyer, the doctor, and still more the poor clergyman, could do. The notion of reckoning his daughters in the same category never entered into his plans, either of necessity or economy. In most cases where an over-numerous family, with a preponderance of boys, required an elder sister of the class of the real gentry to go out as a governess, a high principle supplied a motive for self-culture. But to what were such earnings devoted? In nine cases out of ten to helping their brothers to enter professions, either in the way of fees or outfits. There is less reason for surprise at the indifference shown to girls' education, as regards a means of livelihood, when we know how shallow and narrow has been that of our boys. Why is it that, not unjustly, Carlyle has called us "the worst-instructed nation in Europe"? Simply because, while taking the lead in all practical progress, we have not associated what we think the most practical thing of all—namely, the earning of money—with high mental culture. Our national liberties have allowed self-made, uncultivated men to advance in material prosperity. They have got on by industry and natural shrewdness—by good heads more than by well-stored brains. The indifference even of our respectable poor to the education of their children has had its root here. Experience has shown them that the man with a little learning above his station, who wanted to be a clerk where he should have been a servant, has found it less easy to get on than one of lower pretensions. The Scotchman is the British subject who values education most, and thrives best upon it; but whether his hardy home, his instinct for getting on, or his better education, be the secret of his well-doing, it would be hard to say. Even the Scotch girls, be it remarked in passing, are found least backward in preparation for the office of a school or home governess.

To return to the question of endowments. There is no doubt that the disproportion between the number of endowed schools for boys and those for girls, ascertained to be as eight hundred and twenty-nine for the one and fourteen for the other, with an income of 277,000*l.* for the one

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MACLEOD OF DARE

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXX.

A GRAVE.

and less than 3,000/ for the other, is far from honestly representing the intentions of many a testator. That boy and girl were put on a level in the old grammar schools, is evident from the quaint little figures of each, which stand over venerable portals in old market-places. Still, it may be said that if there has been encroachment on the one part, there has been indifference on the other. So complete, however gradual, has been the non-attendance of the girls, that in numerous instances — and we may cite the old school at Crewkerne for one — the boys have simply taken possession of their vacant places.

It would be foreign to the purpose of the present paper to discuss the important question, how women of comparatively gentle birth, high culture, with no means of maintenance, are to maintain themselves. The uses to which women may apply the superior education which they have now the means of acquiring, open out many subjects of controversy, and would supply ample materials for another article. We would only observe, in conclusion, that equality of attainment with the other sex will not go far to stem the evil entailed by the present preponderance of unmarried women in the middle ranks of life. We trust more to the indirect influence of better education for that; and education which shall *prevent* much of the folly and waste of resources which have entailed the suffering that now prevails. It is only fair also that women who cast in their lot with their brothers to labor for their bread, should do so for better or for worse. Young men of no high intellectual promise leave homes where they have been softly nurtured for lives of backwoods' labor and hardship; and by the same rule, women of ordinary abilities, small energy, and no means, must be content to enter the lower and even servile ranks of employment here. No honest work can degrade them —

Who sweeps a room as by God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

We trust that the ladies will forgive us if, in consideration of our having, as we hope, treated the question of the education of women with impartiality and courtesy, we deliver our souls of a slight parting thrust, to the effect that, while the example set by the sex they have undervalued will do some men much good, it will also do some women no harm to realize more gratefully the toil incurred by most fathers and husbands to secure to them homes of softness and ease.

IN the by-gone days this eager, active, stout-limbed young fellow had met the hardest winter with a glad heart. He rejoiced in its thousand varied pursuits; he set his teeth against the driving hail; he laughed at the drenching spray that sprung high over the bows of his boat; and what harm ever came to him if he took the short cut across the upper reaches of Loch Scridain — wading waist-deep through a mile of sea-water on a bitter January day? And where was the loneliness of his life when always, wherever he went by sea or shore, he had these old friends around him — the red beaked sea-pyots whirling along the rocks; and the startled curlews, whistling their warning note across the sea; and the shy duck, swimming far out on the smooth lochs; to say nothing of the black game that would scarcely move from their perch on the larch trees as he approached, and the deer that were more distinctly visible on the far heights of Ben-an-Sloich when a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen?

But now all this was changed. The awfulness of the dark winter-time amid those northern seas overshadowed him. "It is like going into a grave," he had said to her. And with all his passionate longing to see her and have speech of her once more, how could he dare to ask her to approach these dismal solitudes? Sometimes he tried to picture her coming, and to read in imagination the look on her face. See now! — how she clings terrified to the side of the big open packet-boat that crosses the Frith of Lorn; and she dares not look abroad on the howling waste of waves. The mountains of Mull rise sad and cold and distant before her; there is no bright glint of sunshine to herald her approach. This small dog-cart now: it is a frail thing with which to plunge into the wild valleys, for surely a gust of wind might whirl it into the chasm of roaring waters below? Glen-More: who that has ever seen Glen-More on a lowering January day will ever forget it — its silence, its loneliness, its vast and lifeless gloom? Her face is pale now; she sits speechless and awe-stricken; for the mountain walls that overhang this sombre ravine seem ready to fall on her,

and there is an awful darkness spreading along their summits under the heavy swaths of cloud. And then those black lakes far down in the lone hollows, more deathlike and terrible than any tourist-haunted Loch Coruisk: would she not turn to him and with trembling hands implore him to take her back and away to the more familiar and bearable south? He began to see all these things with her eyes. He began to fear the awful things of the winter-time and the seas. The glad heart had gone out of him.

Even the beautiful aspects of the Highland winter had something about them—an isolation, a terrible silence—that he grew almost to dread. What was this strange thing, for example? Early in the morning he looked from the windows of his room; and he could have imagined he was not at Dare at all. All the familiar objects of sea and shore had disappeared; this was a new world—a world of fantastic shapes, all moving and unknown—a world of vague masses of gray, though here and there a gleam of lemon-color shining through the fog showed that the dawn was reflected on a glassy sea. Then he began to make out the things around him. That great range of purple mountains was Ulva—Ulva transfigured and become Alpine! Then those wan gleams of yellow light on the sea?—he went to the other window, and behold! the heavy bands of cloud that lay across the unseen peaks of Ben-an-Sloich had parted, and there was a blaze of clear, metallic, green sky; and the clouds bordering on that gleam of light were touched with a smoky and stormy saffron hue that flashed and changed amid the seething and twisting shapes of the fog and the mist. He turned to the sea again: what phantom ship was this that appeared in mid-air, and apparently moving when there was no wind? He heard the sound of oars; the huge vessel turned out to be only the boat of the Gometra men going out to the lobster traps. The yellow light on the glassy plain waxed stronger; new objects appear through the shifting fog, until at last a sudden opening shows him a wonderful thing far away—apparently at the very confines of the world—and awful in its solitary splendor. For that is the distant island of Staffa; and it has caught the colors of the dawn; and amid the cold grays of the sea it shines a pale transparent rose.

He would like to have sent her, if he had got any skill of the brush, some brief memorandum of that beautiful thing; but indeed, and in any case, that was not the

sort of painting she seemed to care for just then. Mr. Lemuel, and his palace of art, and his mediæval saints, and what not, which had all for a time disappeared from Miss White's letters, began now to monopolize a good deal of space there; and there was no longer any impertinent playfulness in her references, but on the contrary a respect and admiration that occasionally almost touched enthusiasm. From hints more than statements Macleod gathered that Miss White had been made much of by the people frequenting Mr. Lemuel's house. She had there met one or two gentlemen who had written very fine things about her in the papers; and certain highly distinguished people had been good enough to send her cards of invitation; and she had once or twice been persuaded to read some piece of dramatic poetry at Mr. Lemuel's afternoon parties; and she even suggested that Mr. Lemuel had almost as much as said that he would like to paint her portrait. Mr. Lemuel had also offered her—but she had refused to accept—a small but marvellous study by Pinturicchio, which most people considered the gem of his collection.

Macleod, reading and re-reading these letters many a time in the solitudes of western Mull, came to the opinion that there must be a good deal of amusement going on in London. And was it not natural that a young girl should like to be petted, and flattered, and made much of? Why should he complain when she wrote to say how she enjoyed this, and was charmed by that? Could he ask her to exchange that gay and pleasant life for this hibernation in Mull? Sometimes for days together the inhabitants of Castle Dare literally lived in the clouds. Dense bands of white mist lay all along the cliffs; and they lived in a semi-darkness, with the mournful dripping of the rain on the wet garden, and the mournful wash of the sea all around the shores. He was glad, then, that Gertrude White was not at Castle Dare.

But sometimes, when he could not forbear opening his heart to her, and pressing her for some more definite assurance as to the future, the ordinary playful banter in which she generally evaded his urgency gave place to a tone of coldness that astonished and alarmed him. Why should she so cruelly resent this piteous longing of his? Was she no longer, then, so anxious to escape from the thralldom that had seemed so hateful to her?

"Hamish," said Macleod abruptly, after reading one of these letters, "come now,

we will go and overhaul the 'Umpire,' for you know she is to be made very smart this summer; for we have people coming all the way from London to Dare, and they must not think we do not know in Mull how to keep a yacht in shipshape."

"Ay, sir," said Hamish; "and if we do not know that in Mull, where will they be likely to know that?"

"And you will get the cushions in the saloon covered again; and we will have a new mirror for the ladies' cabin, and Miss Macleod, if you ask her, will put a piece of lace round the top of that, to make it look like a lady's room. And then, you know, Hamish, you can show the little boy Johnny Wickes how to polish the brass; and he will polish the brass in the ladies' cabin until it is as white as silver. Because, you know, Hamish, they have very fine yachts in the south. They are like hotels on the water. We must try to be as smart as we can."

"I do not know about the hotels," said Hamish scornfully. "And perhaps it is a fine thing to hef a hotel; and Mr. M'Arthur they say he is a ferry rich man, and he has ferry fine pictures too; but I was thinking that if I will be off the Barra Head on a bad night—between the Sgriobh Bhan and the Barra Head on a bad night—it is not any hotel I will be wishing that I was in, but a good boat. And the 'Umpire' she is a good boat; and I hef no fear of going anywhere in the world with her—to London or to Inverary, ay, or the queen's own castle on the island—and she will go there safe, and she will come back safe; and if she is not a hotel, well, perhaps she will not be a hotel, but she is a fine good boat, and she has swinging lamps whatever."

But even the presence of the swinging lamps, which Hamish regarded as the highest conceivable point of luxury, did little to lessen the dolorousness of the appearance of the poor old "Umpire." As Macleod, seated in the stern of the gig, approached her, she looked like some dingy old hulk relegated to the duty of keeping stores. Her topmast and bowsprit removed; not a stitch of cord on her; only the black iron shrouds remaining of all her rigging; her skylights and companion hatch covered with water-proof—it was a sorry spectacle. And then when they went below, even the swinging lamps were blue-moulded and stiff. There was an odor of damp straw throughout. All the cushions and carpets had been removed; there was nothing but the bare wood of the floor and the couches and the

table; with a match-box saturated with wet; an empty wine-bottle; a newspaper five months old; a rusty corkscrew; a patch of dirty water—the leakage from the skylight overhead.

That was what Hamish saw.

What Macleod saw as he stood there absently staring at the bare wood, was very different. It was a beautiful, comfortable saloon that he saw, all brightly furnished and gilded, and there was a dish of flowers—heather and rowan berries intermixed—on the soft red cover of the table. And who is this that is sitting there, clad in sailor-like blue and white, and laughing as she talks in her soft English speech? He is telling her that, if she means to be a sailor's bride, she must give up the wearing of gloves on board ship, although, to be sure, those gloved small hands look pretty enough as they rest on the table and play with a bit of bell-heather. How bright her smile is! she is in the mood for teasing people: the laughing face, but for the gentleness of the eyes, would be audacious. They say that the width between those long-lashed eyes is a common peculiarity of the artist's face; but she is no longer an artist; she is only the brave young yachtswoman who lives at Castle Dare. The shepherds know her, and answer her in the Gaelic when she speaks to them in passing; the sailors know her, and would adventure their lives to gratify her slightest wish; and the bearded fellows who live their solitary life far out at Dubh Artach light-house, when she goes out to them with a new parcel of books and magazines, do not know how to show their gladness at the very sight of her bonny face. There was once an actress of the same name; but this is quite a different woman. And to-morrow—do you know what she is going to do to-morrow? To-morrow she is going away in this very yacht to a loch in the distant island of Lewis; and she is going to bring back with her some friends of hers who live there; and there will be high holiday at Castle Dare. An actress? Her cheeks are too sun-browned for the cheeks of an actress.

"Well, sir?" Hamish said at length, and Macleod started.

"Very well, then," he said impatiently, "why don't you go on deck, and find out where the leakage of the skylight is?"

Hamish was not used to being addressed in this fashion, and he walked away with a proud and hurt air. As he ascended the companion-way, he was muttering to himself in his native tongue:—

"Yes, I am going on deck to find out where the leakage is, but perhaps it would be easier to find out below where the leakage is. If there is something the matter with the keel, is it the cross-trees you will go to look for it? But I do not know what has come to the young master of late."

When Keith Macleod was alone, he sat down on the wooden bench, and took out a letter, and tried to find there some assurance that this beautiful vision of his would some day be realized. He read it and re-read it, but his anxious scrutiny only left him the more disheartened. He went up on deck. He talked to Hamish, in a perfunctory manner, about the smartening-up of the "Umpire." He appeared to have lost interest in that already.

And then again he would seek relief in hard work, and try to forget altogether this hated time of enforced absence. One night word was brought by some one that the typhoid fever had broken out in the ill-drained cottages of Iona; and he said at once that next morning he would go round to Buinessan and ask the sanitary inspector there to be so kind as to inquire into this matter, and see whether something could not be done to improve these hovels.

"I am sure the duke does not know of it, Keith," his cousin Janet said, "or he would have a great alteration made."

"It is easy to make alterations," said he, "but it is not easy to make the poor people take advantage of them. They have such good health from the sea air that they will not pay attention to ordinary cleanliness. But now that two or three of the young girls and children are ill, perhaps it is a good time to have something done."

Next morning, when he rose before it was full daybreak, there was every promise of a fine day. The full moon was setting behind the western seas, lighting up the clouds there with a dusky yellow; in the east there was a wilder glare of steely blue high up over the intense blackness on the back of Ben-an-Sloich; and the morning was still, for he heard, suddenly piercing the silence, the whistle of a curlew, and that became more and more remote as the unseen bird winged its flight far over the sea. He lit the candles, and made the necessary preparations for his journey; for he had some message to leave at Kinloch, at the head of Loch Scridain, and he was going to ride round that way. By-and-by the morning light had increased so much that he blew out the candles.

No sooner had he done this than his eye caught sight of something outside that startled him. It seemed as though great clouds of golden white, all ablaze in sunshine, rested on the dark bosom of the deep. Instantly he went to the window; and then he saw that these clouds were not clouds at all, but the islands around glittering in the "white wonder of the snow," and catching here and there the shafts of the early sunlight that now streamed through the valleys of Mull. The sudden marvel of it! There was Ulva, shining beautiful as in a sparkling bridal veil; and Gometra a paler blue-white in shadow; and Colonsay and Erisgeir also a cold white; and Staffa a pale gray—and then the sea that the gleaming islands rested on was a mirror of pale green and rose-purple hues reflected from the morning sky. It was all dreamlike, so still, and beautiful, and silent. But he now saw that the fine morning would not last. Behind the house, clouds of suffused yellow began to blot out the sparkling peaks of Ben-an-Sloich. The colors of the plain of the sea were troubled with gusts of wind until they disappeared altogether. The sky in the north grew an ominous black, until the farther shores of Loch Tua were dazzling white against that bank of angry cloud. But to Buinessan he would go.

Janet Macleod was not much afraid of the weather at any time, but she said to him at breakfast, in a laughing way,—

"And if you are lost in a snowdrift in Glen Finichen, Keith, what are we to do for you?"

"What are you to do for me?—why, Donald will make a fine lament; and what more than that?"

"Cannot you send one of the Camerons with a message, Keith?" his mother said.

"Well, mother," said he, "I think I will go on to Fhion-fort and cross over to Iona myself, if Mr. Mackinnon will go with me. For it is very bad the cottages are there, I know; and if I must write to the duke, it is better that I should have made the inquiries myself."

And indeed when Macleod set out on his stout young pony Jack, paying but little heed to the cold driftings of sleet that the sharp east wind was sending across, it seemed as though he were destined to perform several charitable deeds all on the one errand. For, firstly, about a mile from the house he met Duncan the policeman, who was making his weekly rounds in the interests of morality and law and

order; and who had to have his book signed by the heritor of Castle Dare as sure witness that his peregrinations had extended so far. And Duncan was not at all sorry to have saved that trudge of a mile in the face of those bitter blasts of sleet; and he was greatly obliged to Sir Keith Macleod for stopping his pony, and getting out his pencil with his benumbed fingers, and putting his initials to the sheet. And then, again, when he had got into Glen Finichen, he was talking to the pony and saying,—

"Well, Jack, I don't wonder you want to stop, for the way this sleet gets down one's throat is rather choking. Or are you afraid of the sheep loosening the rocks away up there, and sending two or three hundredweight on our head?"

Then he happened to look up the steep sides of the great ravine, and there, quite brown against the snow, he saw a sheep that had toppled over some rock, and was now lying with her legs in the air. He jumped off his pony, and left Jack standing in the middle of the road. It was a stiff climb up that steep precipice, with the loose stones slippery with the sleet and snow; but at last he got a good grip of the sheep by the back of her neck, and hauled her out of the hole into which she had fallen, and put her, somewhat dazed but apparently unhurt, on her legs again. Then he half slid and half ran down the slope again, and got into the saddle.

But what was this now? The sky in the east had grown quite black; and suddenly this blackness began to fall as if torn down by invisible hands. It came nearer and nearer, until it resembled the dishevelled hair of a woman. And then there was a rattle and roar of wind and snow and hail combined; so that the pony was nearly thrown from its feet, and Macleod was so blinded that at first he knew not what to do. Then he saw some rocks ahead; and he urged the bewildered and staggering beast forward through the darkness of the storm. Night seemed to have returned. There was a flash of lightning overhead; and a crackle of thunder rolled down the valley, heard louder than all the howling of the hurricane across the mountain-sides. And then when they had reached this place of shelter, Macleod dismounted and crept as close as he could into the lee of the rocks.

He was startled by a voice—it was only that of old John MacIntyre, the postman, who was glad enough to get into this place of refuge too.

"It's a bad day for you to be out this

day, Sir Keith," said he, in the Gaelic, "and you have no cause to be out; and why will you not go back to Castle Dare?"

"Have you any letter for me, John?" said he eagerly.

Oh yes, there was a letter; and the old man was astonished to see how quickly Sir Keith Macleod took that letter, and how anxiously he read it, as though the awfulness of the storm had no concern for him at all. And what was it all about—this wet sheet that he had to hold tight between his hands, or the gust that swept round the rock would have whirled it up and away over the giant ramparts of the Bour? It was a very pretty letter; and rather merry; for it was all about a fancy-dress ball which was to take place at Mr. Lemuel's house; and all the people were to wear a Spanish costume of the time of Philip IV.; and there were to be very grand doings indeed. And as Keith Macleod had nothing to do in the dull winter-time but devote himself to books, would he be so kind as to read up about that period and advise her as to which historical character she ought to assume?

Macleod burst out laughing, in a strange sort of way, and put the wet letter in his pocket, and led Jack out into the road again.

"Sir Keith! Sir Keith!" cried the old man. "You will not go on now;" and as he spoke another blast of snow tore across the glen, and there was a rumble of thunder among the hills.

"Why, John," Macleod called back again from the gray gloom of the whirling snow and sleet, "would you have me go home and read books too? Do you know what a fancy-dress ball is, John? And do you know what they think of us in the south, John—that we have nothing to do here in the winter-time—nothing to do here but read books?"

The old man heard him laughing to himself, in that odd way, as he rode off and disappeared into the driving snow; and his heart was heavy within him, and his mind filled with strange forebodings. It was a dark and an awful glen—this great ravine that led down to the solitary shores of Loch Scridain.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OVER THE SEAS.

BUT no harm at all came of that reckless ride through the storm; and in a day or two's time Macleod had almost argued himself into the belief that it was but nat-

ural for a young girl to be fascinated by these new friends. And how could he protest against a fancy-dress ball, when he himself had gone to one on his brief visit to London? And it was a proof of her confidence in him that she wished to take his advice about her costume.

Then he turned to other matters; for, as the slow weeks went by, one eagerly disposed to look for the signs of the coming spring might occasionally detect a new freshness in the morning air, or even find a little bit of the whilow-grass in flower among the moss of an old wall. And Major Stuart had come over to Dare once or twice, and had privately given Lady Macleod and her niece such enthusiastic accounts of Miss Gertrude White, that the references to her forthcoming visit ceased to be formal, and became friendly and matter-of-course. It was rarely, however, that Keith Macleod mentioned her name. He did not seem to wish for any confidant. Perhaps her letters were enough.

But on one occasion Janet Macleod said to him, with a shy smile,—

"I think you must be a very patient lover, Keith, to spend all the winter here. Another young man would have wished to go to London."

"And I would go to London too," he said suddenly, and then he stopped. He was somewhat embarrassed. "Well, I will tell you, Janet. I do not wish to see her any more as an actress; and she says it is better that I do not go to London; and—and, you know, she will soon cease to be an actress."

"But why not now," said Janet Macleod, with some wonder, "if she has such a great dislike for it?"

"That I do not know," said he, somewhat gloomily.

But he wrote to Gertrude White, and pressed the point once more, with great respect, it is true, but still with an earnestness of pleading that showed how near the matter lay to his heart. It was a letter that would have touched most women; and even Miss Gertrude White was pleased to see how anxiously interested he was in her.

"But you know, my dear Keith," she wrote back, "when people are going to take a great plunge into the sea, they are warned to wet their head first. And don't you think I should accustom myself to the change you have in store for me by degrees? In any case, my leaving the stage at the present moment could make no difference to us—you in the Highlands, I

in London. And do you know, sir, that your request is particularly ill-timed? for, as it happens, I am about to enter into a new dramatic project of which I should probably never have heard but for you. Does that astonish you? Well, here is the story. It appears that you told the Duchess of Wexford that I would give her a performance for the new training-ship she is getting up; and, being challenged, could I break a promise made by you? And only fancy what these clever people have arranged—to flatter their own vanity in the name of charity. They have taken St. George's Hall; and the distinguished amateurs have chosen the play; and the play—don't laugh, dear Keith—is 'Romeo and Juliet'! And I am to play Juliet to the Romeo of the Honorable Captain Brierley, who is a very good-looking man, but who is so solemn and stiff a Romeo that I know I shall burst out laughing on the dreaded night. He is as nervous now at a morning rehearsal as if it were his *début* at Drury Lane; and he never even takes my hand without an air of apology, as if he were saying, 'Really, Miss White, you must pardon me; I am compelled by my part to take your hand; otherwise I would die rather than be guilty of such a liberty.' And when he addresses me in the balcony scene he *will not* look at me; he makes his protestations of love to the flies; and when I make my fine speeches to him he blushes if his eyes should by chance meet mine, just as if he had been guilty of some awful indiscretion. I know, dear Keith, you don't like to see me act; but you might come up for this occasion only. Friar Lawrence is the funniest thing I have seen for ages. The nurse, however—Lady Bletherin—is not at all bad. I hear there is to be a grand supper afterward somewhere, and I have no doubt I shall be presented to a number of ladies who will speak for the first time to an actress, and be possessed with a wild fear; only, if they have daughters, I suppose they will keep the fluttering-hearted young things out of the way, lest I should suddenly break out into blue flame, and then disappear through the floor. I am quite convinced that Captain Brierley considers me a bold person because I look at him when I have to say,—

O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!

Macleod crushed this letter together and thrust it into his pocket. He strode out of the room, and called for Hamish.

"Send Donald down to the quay," said he, "and tell them to get the boat ready. And he will take down my gun too."

Old Hamish, noticing the expression of his master's eyes, went off quickly enough, and soon got hold of Donald, the piper lad.

"Donald," said he in the Gaelic, "you will run down to the quay as fast as your legs will carry you, and you will tell them to get the boat ready, and not to lose any time in getting the boat ready, and to have the seats dry, and let there be no talking when Sir Keith gets on board. And here is the gun, too, and the bag; and you will tell them to have no talking among themselves this day."

When Macleod got down to the small stone pier, the two men were in the boat. Johnny Wickes was standing at the door of the store-house.

"Would you like to go for a sail, Johnny?" Macleod said abruptly—but there was no longer that dangerous light in his eyes.

"Oh yes, sir," said the boy eagerly; for he had long ago lost his dread of the sea.

"Get in, then, and get up to the bow."

So Johnny Wickes went cautiously down the few slippery stone steps, half tumbled into the bottom of the great open boat, and then scrambled up to the bow.

"Where will you be for going, sir?" said one of the men, when Macleod had jumped into the stern and taken the tiller.

"Anywhere—right out!" he answered carelessly.

But it was all very well to say "right out," when there was a stiff breeze blowing right in. Scarcely had the boat put her nose out beyond the pier—and while as yet there was but little way on her—when a big sea caught her, springing high over her bows and coming rattling down on her with a noise as of pistol-shots. The chief victim of this deluge was the luckless Johnny Wickes, who tumbled down into the bottom of the boat, vehemently blowing the salt water out of his mouth, and rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. Macleod burst out laughing.

"What's the good of you as a look-out?" he cried. "Didn't you see the water coming?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, ruefully laughing too. But he would not be beaten. He scrambled up again to his post, and clung there, despite the fierce wind and the clouds of spray.

"Keep her close up, sir," said the man who had the sheet of the huge lug-sail in

both his hands, as he cast a glance out at the darkening sea.

But this great boat, rude and rough and dirty as she appeared, was a splendid specimen of her class; and they know how to build such boats up about that part of the world. No matter with how staggering a plunge she went down into the yawning green gulf—the white foam hissing away from her sides—before the next wave, high, awful, threatening had come down on her with a crash as of mountains falling, she had glided buoyantly upward, and the heavy blow only made her bows spring the higher, as though she would shake herself free, like a bird, from the wet. But it was a wild day to be out. So heavy and black was the sky in the west that the surface of the sea, out to the horizon, seemed to be a moving mass of white foam, with only streaks of green and purple in it. The various islands changed every minute as the wild clouds whirled past. Already the great cliffs about Dare had grown distant and faint as seen through the spray; and here were the rocks of Colonsay black as jet as they reappeared through the successive deluges of white foam; and far over there a still gloomier mass against the gloomy sky told where the huge Atlantic breakers were rolling in their awful thunder into the Staffa caves.

"I would keep her away a bit," said the sailor next Macleod. He did not like the look of the heavy breakers that were crashing on to the Colonsay rocks.

Macleod, with his teeth set hard against the wind, was not thinking of the Colonsay rocks more than was necessary to give them a respectful berth.

"Were you ever in a theatre, Duncan?" he said—or rather bawled—to the brown-visaged and black-haired young fellow who had now got the sheet of the lug-sail under his foot as well as in the firm grip of his hands.

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said he, as he shook the salt water away from his short beard. "It was at Greenock. I will be at the theatre, and more than three times or two times."

"How would you like to have a parcel of actors and actresses with us now?" he said, with a laugh.

"Deed, I would not like it at all," said Duncan seriously; and he twisted the sheet of the sail twice round his right wrist, so that his relieved left hand could convey a bit of wet tobacco to his mouth. "The women they would chump about, and then you do not know what will happen at all."

"A little bit away yet, sir!" cried out the other sailor, who was looking out to windward, with his head between the gunwale and the sail. "There is a bad rock off the point."

"Why, it is half a mile north of our course as we are going now," Macleod said.

"Oh yes, half a mile!" the man said to himself; "but I do not like half-miles, and half-miles, and half-miles, on a day like this!"

And so they went plunging and staggering and bounding onward, with the roar of the water all around them, and the foam at her bows, as it sprang high into the air, showing quite white against the black sky ahead. The younger lad Duncan was clearly of opinion that his master was running too near the shores of Colonsay; but he would say no more, for he knew that Macleod had a better knowledge of the currents and rocks of this wild coast than any man on the mainland of Mull. John Cameron, forward, kept his head down to the gunwale, his eyes looking far over that howling waste of sea; Duncan, his younger brother, had his gaze fixed mostly on the brown breadth of the sail, hammered at by the gusts of wind; while as for the boy at the bow, that enterprising youth had got a rope's end, and was endeavoring to strike at the crest of each huge wave as it came ploughing along in its resistless strength.

But at one moment the boat gave a heavier lurch than usual, and the succeeding wave struck her badly. In the great rush of water that then ran by her side Macleod's startled eye seemed to catch a glimpse of something red—something blazing and burning red in the waste of green—and almost the same glance showed him there was no boy at the bow! Instantly, with just one cry to arrest the attention of the men, he had slipped over the side of the boat, just as an otter slips off a rock. The two men were bewildered but for a second. One sprang to the hal-yards, and down came the great lug-sail; the other got out one of the great oars, and the mighty blade of it fell into the bulk of the next wave as if he would with one sweep tear her head round. Like two madmen the men pulled; and the wind was with them, and the tide also; but, nevertheless, when they caught sight—just for a moment—of some object behind them, that was a terrible way away. Yet there was no time, they thought, or seemed to think, to hoist the sail again; and the small dingey attached to the boat

would have been swamped in a second; and so there was nothing for it but the deadly struggle with those immense blades against the heavy resisting mass of the boat. John Cameron looked round again; then, with an oath, he pulled his oar across the boat.

"Up with the sail, lad!" he shouted; and again he sprang to the hal-yards.

The seconds, few as they were, that were necessary to this operation, seemed ages; but no sooner had the wind got a purchase on the breadth of the sail, than the boat flew through the water, for she was now running free.

"He has got him! I can see the two!" shouted the elder Cameron.

And as for the younger? At this mad speed the boat would be close to Macleod in another second or two; but in that brief space of time the younger Cameron had flung his clothes off, and stood there stark-naked in the cutting March wind.

"That is foolishness!" his brother cried, in the Gaelic. "You will have to take an oar!"

"I will not take an oar!" the other cried, with both hands ready to let go the hal-yards. "And if it is foolishness, this is the foolishness of it: I will not let you or any man say that Sir Keith Macleod was in the water, and Duncan Cameron went home with a dry skin!"

And Duncan Cameron was as good as his word; for as the boat went plunging forward to the neighborhood in which they occasionally saw the head of Macleod appear on the side of a wave, and then disappear again as soon as the wave broke—and as soon as the lug-sail had been rattled down—he sprang clear from the side of the boat. For a second or two John Cameron, left by himself in the boat, could not see any one of the three; but at last he saw the black head of his brother, and then, some few yards beyond, just as a wave happened to roll by, he saw his master and the boy. The boat had almost enough way on her to carry her the length; he had but to pull at the huge oar to bring her head round a bit. And he pulled, madly and blindly, until he was startled by a cry close by. He sprang to the side of the boat. There was his brother drifting by, holding the boy with one arm. John Cameron rushed to the stern to fling a rope; but Duncan Cameron had been drifting by with a purpose; for as soon as he got clear of the bigger boat, he struck for the rope of the dingey, and got hold of that, and was safe. And here was the master, too, clinging to the side of the

dingey, so as to recover his breath, but not attempting to board the cockle-shell in these plunging waters. There were tears running down John Cameron's rugged face as he drew the three up and over the side of the big boat.

"And if you wass drowned, Sir Keith, it wass not me would have carried the story to Castle Dare. I would just as soon have been drowned too."

"Have you any whiskey, John?" Macleod said, pushing his hair out of his eyes, and trying to get his moustache out of his mouth.

In ordinary circumstances John Cameron would have told a lie; but on this occasion he hurriedly bade the still undressed Duncan to take the tiller, and he went forward to a locker at the bows which was usually kept for bait, and from thence he got a black bottle, which was half full.

"Now, Johnny Wickes," Macleod said to the boy, who was quite blinded and bewildered, but otherwise apparently not much the worse, "swallow a mouthful of this, you young rascal; and if I catch you imitating a dolphin again, it is a rope's end you'll have, and not good Highland whiskey."

Johnny Wickes did not understand; but he swallowed the whiskey, and then he began to look about him a bit.

"Will I put my clothes round him, Sir Keith?" Duncan Cameron said.

"And go home that way to Dare?" Macleod said, with a loud laugh. "Get on your clothes, Duncan lad; and get up the sail again; and we will see if there is a dram left for us in the bottle. John Cameron, confound you, where are you putting her head to?"

John Cameron, who had again taken the tiller, seemed as one demented. He was talking to himself rapidly in Gaelic; and his brows were frowning; and he did not seem to notice that he was putting the head of the boat—which had now some little way on her, by reason of the wind and tide, though she had no sail up—a good deal too near the southernmost point of Colonsay.

Roused from this angry reverie, he shifted her course a bit; and then, when his brother had got his clothes on, he helped to hoist the sail; and again they flew onward and shoreward, along with the waves that seemed to be racing them; but all the same he kept grumbling and growling to himself in the Gaelic. Meanwhile Macleod had got a huge tarpaulin overcoat and wrapped Johnny Wickes in it, and put him in the bottom of the boat.

"You will soon be warm enough in that, Master Wickes," said he; "the chances are you will come out boiled red, like a lobster." And I would strongly advise you, if we can slip into the house and get dry clothes on, not to say a word of your escape to Hamish."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said John Cameron eagerly, in his native tongue, "that is what I will be saying to myself. If the story is told, and Hamish will hear that you will nearly drown yourself, what is it he will not do to that boy? It is for killing him he will be."

"Not as bad as that, John," Macleod said, good-naturedly. "Come, there is a glass for each of us; and you may give me the tiller now."

"I will take no whiskey, Sir Keith, with thanks to you," said John Cameron; "I was not in the water."

"There is plenty for all, man."

"I was not in the water."

"I tell you there is plenty for all of us."

"There is the more for you, Sir Keith," said he stubbornly.

And then, as great good luck would have it, it was found, when they got ashore, that Hamish had gone away as far as Salem on business of some sort or other; and the story told by the two Camerons was that Johnny Wickes, whose clothes were sent into the kitchen to be dried, and who was himself put to bed, had fallen into the water down by the quay; and nothing at all was said about Keith Macleod having had to leap into the sea off the coast of Colonsay. Macleod got into Castle Dare by a back way, and changed his clothes in his own room. Then he went away up stairs to the small chamber in which Johnny Wickes lay in bed.

"You have had the soup, then? You look pretty comfortable."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, whose face was now flushed red with the reaction after the cold. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"For tumbling into the water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here, Master Wickes. You chose a good time. If I had had trousers on, and water-proof leggings over them, do you know where you would be at the present moment? You would be having an interesting conversation with a number of lobsters at the bottom of the sea, off the Colonsay shores. And so you thought, because I had my kilt on, that I could fish you out of the water?"

"No, sir," said Johnny Wickes. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well, you will remember that it was

owing to the Highland kilt that you were picked out of the water, and that it was Highland whiskey put life into your blood again. You will remember that well; and if any strange lady should come here from England and ask you how you like the Highlands, you will not forget."

"No, sir."

"And you can have Oscar up here in the room with you, if you like, until they let you out of bed again; or you can have Donald to play the pipes to you until dinner-time."

Master Wickes chose the less heroic remedy; but, indeed, the companionship of Oscar was not needed, for Janet Macleod—who might just as well have tried to keep her heart from beating as to keep herself away from any one who was ill or supposed to be ill—herself came up to this little room, and was very attentive to Master Wickes, not because he was suffering very much from the effects of his ducking, but because he was a child, and alone, and a stranger. And to her Johnny Wickes told the whole story, despite the warnings he had received that if Hamish came to learn of the peril in which Macleod had been placed by the incaution of the English lad, the latter would have a bad time of it at Castle Dare. Then Janet hastened away again; and finding her cousin's bedroom empty, entered, and there discovered that he had, with customary recklessness, hung up his wet clothes in his wardrobe. She had them at once conveyed away to the lower regions; and she went with earnest remonstrances to her cousin, and would have him drink some hot whiskey and water; and when Hamish arrived, went straight to him too, and told him the story in such a way that he said,—

"Ay, ay, it wass the poor little lad! And he will mek a good sailor yet. And it wass not much dancher for him when Sir Keith wass in the boat; for there is no one in the whole of the islands will sweem in the water as he can sweem; and it is like a fish in the water that he is."

That was about the only incident of note—and little was made of it—that disturbed the monotony of life at Castle Dare at this time. But by-and-by, as the days passed, and as eager eyes looked abroad, signs showed that the beautiful summer-time was drawing near. The deep blue came into the skies and the seas again; the yellow mornings broke earlier; far into the evening they could still make out the Dutchman's Cap, and Lunga, and the low-lying Coll and Tiree amid

the glow at the horizon after the blood-red sunset had gone down. The white stars of the saxifrage appeared in the woods; the white daisies were in the grass; as you walked along the lower slopes of Ben-an-Sloich the grouse that rose were in pairs. What a fresh green this was that shimmered over the young larches! He sent her a basket of the first trout he caught in the loch.

The wonderful glad time came nearer and nearer. And every clear and beautiful day that shone over the white sands of Iona and the green shores of Ulva, with the blue seas all breaking joyfully along the rocks, was but a day thrown away that should have been reserved for her. And whether she came by the "Dunara" from Greenock, or by the "Pioneer" from Oban, would they hang the vessel in white roses in her honor? and have velvet carpetings on the gangways for the dainty small feet to tread on? and would the bountiful heavens grant but one shining blue day for her first glimpse of the far and lonely Castle Dare? Janet the kind-hearted was busy from morning till night—she herself would place the scant flowers that could be got in the guests' rooms. The steward of the "Pioneer" had undertaken to bring any number of things from Oban; Donald the piper lad had a brand-new suit of tartan, and was determined that, short of the very cracking of his lungs, the English lady would have a good salute played for her that day. The "Umpire," all smartened up now, had been put in a safe anchorage in Loch-na-Keal; the men wore their new jerseys; the long gig, painted white, with a band of gold, was brought along to Dare, so that it might, if the weather were favorable, go out to bring the Fair Stranger to her Highland home. And then the heart of her lover cried: "*O winds and seas—if only for one day—be gentle now! so that her first thoughts of us shall be all of peace and loveliness, and of a glad welcome, and the delight of clear summer days!*"

From The Church Quarterly Review.
BISHOP SELWYN.

WHOEVER is destined to be the biographer of George Augustus Selwyn will have to face the temptation of drawing a too flattering portrait, and all the more so in proportion as personal acquaintance with the original has qualified him for the task which he has undertaken; for to know the

man was to love him; to witness his work for God and the Church was to hold him in honor; to listen to his words, always wise and thoughtful, and often seasoned with bright humor, and innocuous wit, was to be charmed by him; to have studied his noble life, consistent with itself from beginning to end, under many and varied conditions, free from all thought of personal advantage, and full of unaffected simplicity and of earnest sense of duty, was to regard him as a man without parallel in his day and generation. The same snare besets ourselves as we attempt the following briefer and all unworthy notice of so great a man, and we trust that we may keep it before us and avoid it.

With full recollection of the peril of exaggeration, we venture to say that the accustomed shadows of Passion-tide were this year deepened for us all as we received the unexpected tidings of his decease on April 11. Many who had never seen him in the flesh felt a sorrow as at the loss of a personal friend. The position which he occupied was altogether unique. He was not merely the first and only bishop of New Zealand, and the ninetyeth bishop of Lichfield: true that to no other man in our communion has it ever been given to occupy two sees so widely severed, so different in their character, and in the one to stamp on entirely new institutions, themselves his own creations, the impress of his own original mind, and in the other, while succeeding to the traditions of many centuries, to raise, without disturbing, the usefulness and the dignity of an ancient position to a level never attained before; these things he indeed was permitted to do; but to neither nor to both of these positions did he owe the influence which he wielded, and the honor and affection which flowed to him on all sides, in recognition of his personal gifts. His name was a household word throughout the whole Anglican communion; he had grasped as by an instinctive intuition the destiny and mission of that branch of the Church which finds its natural patriarchate at Canterbury, and he had labored unceasingly to secure for it the accomplishment of its high vocation: in Australia, not less than in New Zealand, his had for nearly thirty years been the master mind; it had been largely owing to his policy and example that the churches in those colonies had expanded with a vigorous development, and had been safely consolidated as their rapid growth rendered consolidation doubly desirable; the churches of the United States he had twice visited, an honored

guest, and had taken part in the deliberations of the General Convention; he had also visited some of the dioceses of Canada; in their time of trouble and distress the south African churches had found in the great metropolitan of New Zealand a tower of strength and sympathy; in the Lambeth Conference of 1867 he was the leading spirit, speaking as he could dispassionately, and without the imputation of personal interest in exciting controversies, from which his brother metropolitan of south Africa was not, and could not be free; from Lichfield many missionary ventures have found a point of departure, and have gone forth with the blessing and counsel of one who more than any other was competent to advise, as none other had equal store of experience; he had undertaken, if health permitted, to preach the sermon on the occasion of the consecration of the new Bishop of Newfoundland, on SS. Philip and James's day, and had invited all the home-coming bishops to rest a while at Lichfield, and worship in the "holy and beautiful house" of S. Chad, before taking part in the Lambeth Conference of the present year; and his loss at this important gathering is being realized now while these sheets are passing through the press. As the news of his decease was telegraphed in all directions, we can understand, by the light of the facts already briefly enumerated, how hearts grieved and spirits sank. Many bishops, who had not yet started for Europe, felt that one great attraction of their journey had been removed; others, as they learned the news at ports where they touched on their voyage already commenced, felt that their labor was now almost in vain. His two dioceses mourned him, as was natural, as others could not mourn him; even the engrossing claims of Holy Week did not prevent five hundred clergymen and more than one thousand representative laymen from following him to his grave in Lichfield Cathedral, and all alike, whether present or absent, in one hemisphere or in the other, felt that the foremost personage in the Anglican communion had been removed at a time when his ripened wisdom and sagacious counsels had obtained their full measure of weight and honor.

George Augustus Selwyn was born at Hampstead in 1809, the second of four sons of an eminent lawyer. The eldest died an accomplished poet and an honored professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge; the third died young, but not until he had obtained distinction which had all but placed in his grasp a fellowship at

Trinity; the youngest rose to the high position of lord justice. The four brothers were educated first at a famous preparatory school at Ealing, and afterwards at Eton. We are not of those who set great value on the anecdotes of childhood, however gifted; but in Mr. Maxwell Lyte's "History of Eton College," there is a story of the future bishop too characteristic to be passed by. He was translating to Dr. Keate Horace's account of the auctioneer at the barber's shop, "*proprios purgantem leniter unguis*"—"cleaning his own nails" (Ep. I. vii. 51). Keate corrected him,—"Cleaning his nails." Go on." Again and again the boy said "his own nails." Keate scolded him; but he held out against the less emphatic "his," and argued the point thus: "If you please, sir, Horace lays the stress on the word '*proprios*,' because most of the dandies made the barbers pare their nails; and when Philipppus saw Mena paring his own nails, '*vacua in umbra*'—though nobody was engaging the barber's time—he thought him a man of some energy, and likely to become a good farmer." Dr. Keate generously appreciated the criticism, and said, "Well, there's something in that. Lay the stress, then, on '*proprios*.'" In 1827 the *Eton Miscellany* was started, and had the future bishop among its contributors, as well as Mr. Gladstone, and many others who have since made their mark in the world.

In due course Selwyn proceeded to Cambridge, and in those pre-athletic days he was distinguished for feats of strength and activity which are hardly surpassed by the present generation. It was only natural that a man who bathed every day, whatever the state of the river, should be one of the picked crew which contended with Oxford in the first university race which took place in 1829. In company with Bishop Tyrrell of Newcastle he walked from Cambridge to London in thirteen hours without stopping; and there are still lingering traditions among his survivors of wild outings and hairbreadth escapes in an open boat during a long vacation spent on the Devonshire coast. But athletics were not practised by him to the neglect of higher gifts; for in the class list of 1831 his name was placed second in the classical tripos. A fellowship at St. John's followed on his degree, and in due course he went back to his beloved Eton, "which he loved with a love surpassing even the love of Etonians," as private tutor to the present Earl Powis. There were at that time eight or ten young Ox-

ford and Cambridge men holding similar appointments, of whom one of the few survivors has given some of his recollections in a letter to the *Guardian* newspaper of April 24, and has further contributed much valuable information to the writer of this paper. In the opinion of one who was so well qualified a judge—

Selwyn took the lead—or rather the position of leader was assigned to him—by common consent. It was not that he was pre-eminent only in boating and swimming; he was the life as well as the secretary of the Book Club of the college, and impressed all the members with the idea that he had mastered every book as it went through his hands. In more serious studies he read carefully rather than much; he gave considerable time to languages, reading Hebrew for an hour every morning, after the early swim in the river, with his brother private tutors, and studying at one period both Hebrew and Italian with a Jew who happened to be living in Eton. Hooker he read through each Christmas vacation; and he not only took an active share in the work of Sunday schools, but his example excited his friends to form a staff of lay district visitors, who also taught in the large day-schools of Windsor. He detected the necessity of an infants' school, while others refused to see it. Baffled for the time by lack of sympathy, he resorted to the convincing argument of figures, and he formed a committee who should make a census of the younger population among the poor. Their returns he tabulated, and triumphantly proved his point, and the school was established. While still a private tutor he became curate of Windsor. The parish was distracted by a miserable squabble about a church debt of 3,300*l.*, which each party accused the other of having incurred, while neither party made any effort to pay it off. Mr. Selwyn threw himself into the breach, and gave up his own stipend as curate as the nucleus of a fund which should pay off the debt, and then enlisted others to go with him from house to house on the odious task of begging for subscriptions. The liability having been shaken off, peace was restored, and the zealous curate saw that he could go about his pastoral work with some hope of its being effective.

During his residence at Eton his activity made itself felt in many ways: he was the author of a letter, which he published and addressed to Mr. Gladstone, on the question of cathedral reform, a subject which seems to have occupied very much of his thoughts. At a time when the condition of our cathedrals hardly justified their existence and continued maintenance, he seems to have grasped a very high ideal of what a cathedral should be, and he certainly produced an embodiment of it when he landed in New Zealand: it is the testi-

mony of his contemporaries that he was always preparing himself, both physically and intellectually, for future labors, of whatever kind they might be, although Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that he had never contemplated work in foreign lands until the call came to him. In all sports which required strength and activity he joined with serious earnestness. "Although less naturally light of foot than some of us," writes one of his friends, "he would successfully compete with us in jumping as well as in running, following over equally broad streams and equally high gates by sheer power of muscle and force of will." Bishop Abraham has told us, in a letter to the editor of the *Guardian*, that "having been exposed to a little friendly banter, because he could not ride to hounds, he privately hired horses and literally rode *steeple chases*," i.e. made across country for steeples, "at all hazards and with many a mishap, and surprised his friends at the next meet by riding well up to the hounds." Another friend writes: "Even if he had no competitor, he would, in an afternoon walk, run at full speed across a ploughed field and back, to improve his wind (as he said), and to open his lungs." The same friend has kindly supplied the following account of a walk in which he was his companion:—

Those who have read the annals of his long New Zealand visitations, often made on foot, and with but little food, will recognize the beginnings of such efforts in the following incident. He invited me once to walk with him to Sandhurst, where a relative of his pupil was under education. We began by going slightly out of our way in order to visit a nursery, where he wished to make purchases for some new planting, and I was astonished at his knowledge here, as elsewhere; he seemed like Solomon to be able to speak of all trees "from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." We then passed by one of the many spots in England called "Cæsar's camp," to which there was no beaten track, but which, knowing the general bearings of the country, he reached by the aid of his compass, on which he so often afterwards had to rely in his missionary journeys. Having seen his young friend and conversed with the professors, we started homewards, and I soon asked him where we should stop for luncheon. "Oh," said he, with a smile, "don't you think that a couple of apples bought of that old woman and eaten on a gate would be enough?" There was no appeal, and after a walk of thirty-one miles we reached Eton. As we parted, he said, "Now I advise you not to take wine, or beer, or meat for supper. It will only heat you after this walk: take macaroni or some such

light food." His advice was followed (as indeed it always was), and with the most satisfactory result as to sleep at night, and as to freshness on the following morning.

One great reform he instituted at Eton, which has probably saved many lives. Until 1840 boating, had not been recognized as a legitimate amusement of the Eton boys: it was indulged in of course, but the authorities professed ignorance of the fact. The boys used to take guns and other forbidden luxuries in the boats, and casualties were not unfrequent. In May, 1840, one of the boys was drowned close to Windsor Bridge, and Mr. Selwyn, backed by Mr. Evans, the drawing-master, made so earnest remonstrance that the healthful amusement was removed from the category of forbidden things, and at the same time restrictions were imposed which robbed it of its dangers. Bathing-places were established, and watermen were engaged to teach swimming, and nobody was allowed to set foot in a boat until he had passed an examination in swimming.* In 1839, he married the incomparable and high-souled lady who has been in all respects a worthy and able partner of his labors, even of the hardest and most perilous: and we may here record the fact that when he was invited to go to New Zealand, he said that he could answer for his wife at once, "as they had married with that understanding." This opposes Mr. Gladstone's opinion already quoted; but, *pace tanti viri*, we prefer to think that so chivalrous a spirit had contemplated more arduous fields of labor than an English benefice, and we have it on the authority of another contemporary that when Bishop Blomfield's famous appeal was published he made up his mind to go anywhere if he were thought worthy of being selected, and that the proposed bishopric of Malta [which was ultimately founded at Gibraltar] had a great fascination for him; and he wrote to our informant, "Such a noble attempt might be made from thence to rekindle the fires of the early African Churches."†

And now the time had come when he was to go forth on that noble missionary career, which, whether anticipated by him or not, is now familiar to all who care to recognize deeds of high courage and of

* Mr. Maxwell Lyte, in his "History of Eton College," says: "Bishop Selwyn was enthusiastic about rowing, and considered the Thames almost a sacred stream. Being one day in a punt with an Eton master who spat into the water, he exclaimed, 'If you must spit, why don't you spit into the punt?'"

† The letter here quoted is still extant.

devout faith. In 1841, the Colonial Bishops' Council, under whose auspices our colonial and missionary bishops have increased from nine to sixty-five, was established mainly through the efforts of Bishop Blomfield, and there were good reasons for pointing to New Zealand as presenting the most urgent claim for a bishop of its own. Missionaries had been at work in the islands since 1814, when Samuel Marsden established a footing there in the name of Christ. The Bishop of Australia, Dr. Broughton, had visited the missions in 1838, had administered confirmation, and held an ordination, at which the present Bishop of Wellington was ordained priest; but that he should repeat a visitation so laborious and extensive, in face, too, of the growing demands of the Church in Australia, demands far beyond the power of one bishop to satisfy, was not to be expected. The clergy felt themselves without a leader, and painfully confessed that their work was crippled for lack of the full organization of the Church. In 1839 an English company commenced buying land on a large scale in New Zealand; in the following year the three islands became an English colony; a few months passed, and the Colonial Bishops' Council was formed, and the bishopric of New Zealand was forthwith established.

The person first selected for the arduous position was a near relative of the subject of this paper. He accepted the charge, and was afterwards compelled, with much reluctance, to withdraw. How the offer was made to Mr. G. A. Selwyn has been related in the *Times* and *Guardian* newspapers by Mr. Gladstone and by Mr. Robert Few; but the letters of these gentlemen, while not inconsistent, are not strictly in accord with each other. We are fortunate in being able to give yet another version of the story, supplied to us by one who was on terms of the very closest intimacy with the future bishop, and who in 1841 held an official position which both led to his being thoroughly informed of all that occurred, and also impressed the details of the transaction on his memory. It happens likewise that we are not at the mercy of a memory, which after the lapse of so many years may fairly be distrusted. Our informant kept a diary, to which we have been allowed access, and in which every minute circumstance was entered at the time of its occurrence. From this so trustworthy a contemporary record, we gather that Mr. Selwyn was much grieved at his relative's refusal to accept the offer that had been made to

him, that he begged the authorities to repeat it even more strongly, and that with the view of influencing the decision of his relative, he offered to go with him "even as a catechist." For the rest we content ourselves with extracts from our friend's diary:—

May 24 [1841].—He [G. A. Selwyn] did not know what to do. I never saw him so much depressed. This I mentioned to Harrison at the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel dinner. Hawkins had seen G. A. S. at St. Paul's, and had said, "Well, if — cannot go, we must alter the documents, and you can go." He repeated this idea to Archdeacon Hale at the lord mayor's dinner, who immediately repeated the words to Bishop Blomfield (who much liked the idea), and he to the archbishop (Howley). We assured Hale that G. A. S., if properly invited, would be ready at any moment to set off. Hawkins was for starting immediately, in the morning, to Eton, but I checked this, because I was sure that the proposal ought to come officially to our good friend.

Monday, May 31.—The Bishop of London received an answer from G. A. S., saying that the same reasons which would have prevented him from seeking the bishopric, would prevent his declining it. The bishop was much pleased, but said he could not hastily take advantage of a spirit so noble. He wished Hawkins to go and see G. A. S. Meantime he had a letter from the archbishop to Lord John [Russell], recommending G. A. S., which he was to send or not, as he liked. Ernest Hawkins went to Eton, and was confirmed in his feeling that G. A. S. was ready to go. He returned to London, and the bishop sent the letter to Lord John.

No reply came from the government for more than a month. At length the tardy document arrived, approving of Mr. Selwyn, but intimating that the government stipend, 600*l.* per annum, being dependent on a vote of Parliament, might not be forthcoming. On this the archbishop said that the promise could not be held to be binding until the grant was secured; but Mr. Selwyn said he was "now determined to go even though no funds were forthcoming."

The diary from which we have been allowed to make extracts contains many notices of the plans which the future bishop was forming day by day. For one more extract, as bearing on matters of wider interest than the fate of a particular diocese, we must find room. It is as follows:—

A statement of objections to the patent was sent in by Baddeley and Hope, but was not attended to. The bishop, however, had had a conference with the crown lawyers, and had

carried most of the points for which he cared,* especially that his patent should be irrevocable, subject only to his voluntary resignation, and that he should be allowed to appoint archdeacons by his own authority. He could not get erased the Erastian expression of "the queen giving him power to ordain;" so he addressed to Lord Stanley a protest against it, which is now in the Foreign Office.

These preliminaries completed, there was no delay on the bishop's part. Consecrated on October 17, he sailed from Plymouth on S. Stephen's day. He always acted with soldier-like promptitude; his mind was made up rapidly, and yet he was never in a hurry; his promptitude was the natural result of principles formed long before. With what plans he started for New Zealand, those who can read his famous sermon † preached in Exeter Cathedral a few days before he sailed, may learn for themselves. He had already studied the functions of cathedral bodies, and had formed a high conception of what a cathedral should be, which was recorded in his letter to Mr. Gladstone. In his sermon he draws a picture of what cathedrals had been in the past, when "they who first planted in England a new branch of the vine of Christ, took care to fence it round, and our cathedral precincts were made the fenced and guarded vineyards of the Lord, the stationary camp of the soldiers of the cross, the rallying point of baffled and disheartened pastors, the fold of the shepherdless and scattered sheep." We have no space for lengthy quotations, much as we should like to put on record so admirable a catalogue of cathedral duties and uses: it is enough to add that the preacher drew from the history of the missionary past of England a cheering answer to the question contained in the text (Ps. 137: 4), and declared that he went forth in good heart "to lay the cornerstone of the Church of Christ in the most distant of the isles of the sea." The concluding words of his sermon show how definite were the plans which he had formed, and on this account we may perhaps be allowed to quote them:—

May we have both the spirit to preach the gospel and the strength to arise and build the temple of the Lord! May we also have our cathedral church in which we may sing the Lord's song with a voice of melody! And

* Letters patent are now nearly obsolete; but our readers will be surprised to find that in those which are still issued the above obnoxious expressions are found, either in terms, or by implication and reference to former letters patent.

† How shall we Sing the Lord's Song in a Strange Land? London: Longmans, 1842.

may God grant that from that central reservoir we may pour forth streams of living water to feed the sheep whom God has given to our care. There may the young be taught and the servant of Christ be trained up for his ministry; there may the books of the holy fathers of the Church minister to the godly learning of every succeeding generation; there may the elders of the Church sit in council for the public good, and there may the ordinances of daily prayer and weekly communion shadow forth the unwearied service of the angels of God; there, too, may the hungry be fed, and the naked clothed, and the sick healed; and, above all, there may the poor have the gospel preached to them.

To anticipate somewhat, it seems right to point out that, although on his arrival in New Zealand he expressed his thankfulness at "being in a position such as was never granted to any English bishop before, with a power to mould the institutions of the Church from the beginning according to true principles,"* the genius of his original and sagacious mind, which in many ways made him unconventional in speech and action, never tempted him to devise new ways, or to think that he could improve on the examples and precedents of antiquity.

The voyage of four months was no idle time with the bishop; for himself he learned two things: (1) the Maori language, which he acquired so perfectly that, on landing in New Zealand, he was able to speak freely to the natives; (2) the art of navigation, which afterwards, on many voyages, enabled him to be his own sailing master in small vessels and on almost unknown seas; neither was he content with studying for his own profit; he had classes every day in Maroi, Greek, and Hebrew, with his companions. After four months he landed at Sydney, and took counsel with Bishop Broughton, whose experiences in the pioneering work of the Church in New South Wales, and to a small extent in New Zealand, were of much value. During his stay he preached in what had for many years been Marsden's church, and he received

* As an historical contrast the readers of Arnold's "Life" will remember two passages in his letters which show in how different a light he contemplated the possibility of a colonial see falling to his lot. To Sir Thomas Pusey he wrote January 25, 1840, "I have often thought of New Zealand, and if they would make you governor and me bishop, I would go out, I think, to-morrow, if there were any prospect of rearing any hopeful form of society" (p. 505). In his last illness he said to a favorite pupil, "One inducement I should have if they would send me as bishop to any of the Australian colonies, that there should be at least one bishop in those parts who would endeavor to build up a Church according to MY IDEA of what a true Church should be" (p. 666).

from the son-in-law of the old pioneer, whom Selwyn always called the founder of the New Zealand Church, a copy of Hooker's works which had been Mr. Marsden's property. In acknowledging an address from the bishop and clergy, he alluded to this gift, and said "he was sure Mr. Marsden would have rejoiced to have seen that polity carried out in New Zealand, and the Church planted there in her fulness." A delay arose at Sydney in consequence of the ship which was to take him to New Zealand being under repair; the bishop and his chaplain, therefore, started in a small brig, leaving Mrs. Selwyn and the rest of the party to follow, and on May 30, 1842, he landed at Auckland. Although never in a hurry, the rapidity with which the bishop carried out his plans was extraordinary. He refused from the first to accept land from the government, knowing that the gift would be fettered by conditions and obligations which would render it valueless. He procured and consecrated two large burial-grounds for the church, and obtained from the governor two similar plots to be divided among other denominations, thus providing from the first against possible Osborne Morgans. Three churches were commenced in Auckland, and thirty acres of land were purchased for the site of the cathedral and cathedral close.

In less than two months from the date of his landing things had so far assumed shape and order in Auckland and in the Bay of Islands that the bishop felt himself free to visit the more distant parts, and in a small brig he started for Wellington and Nelson. It was about this time that he uttered his famous saying, "I hope the title of a dignitary of the Church will never be heard in New Zealand;" so when he appointed Mr. W. Williams (who died within the present year Bishop of Waiapu) archdeacon of the east coast, he told him that it was "no peacock's feather to distinguish one clergyman above another, but a pledge binding him to a partnership of helpfulness and work." He further declared his intention of appointing in all four archdeacons, and thus he secured in each part of the diocese officers distinctly responsible to himself. Thanks to his powers of enduring fatigue, every settlement and every clergyman and catechist was seen by the bishop before the end of 1842. The first anniversary of his consecration (October 17) was spent in a tent on the sandhills at Wai Pateke, with no companions except three natives, and the comparison with the scenes of the previous year "brought with

it no feelings of discontent." On Jan. 3, 1843, the bishop returned to Auckland, and the following entry in his diary will show in what plight:—

Tuesday, January 3.—My last pair of thick shoes being worn out, and my feet much blistered with walking the day before on the stumps, which I was obliged to tie to my in-steps with pieces of native flax (*Phormium tenax*), I borrowed a horse from the native teacher, and started at four A.M. to go twelve miles to Manukau harbor. The suit which I wore was kept sufficiently decent, by much care, to enable me to enter Auckland by daylight; and my last remaining pair of shoes (thin ones) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles which remained from Manukau to Auckland. At two P.M. I reached the judge's house, by a path, avoiding the town, and passing over land which I have bought for the site of the cathedral; a spot which I hope may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops, better shod and far less ragged than myself.

It would be an easy task to fill a bulky volume with the interesting details of the bishop's incessant travels by land and sea; this, however, is far from our purpose. We can only hope that the whole story of his lifelong and abundant labors may find a competent chronicler, and may be given to the world in a manner which shall be worthy of it. Having in a six months' visitation grasped the conditions of his diocese as a whole, the bishop now proceeded to strengthen the centre. At Waimate, one hundred and forty miles from Auckland, he established his own headquarters, making his residence S. John's college, and establishing a collegiate school hard by. Here he held his first confirmation, three hundred and twenty-five natives presenting themselves. The little college opened with seven students: four were ordained in the following autumn, and were sent to outposts, all the students having placed themselves at the bishop's entire and absolute disposal. The prospects of the increased usefulness of the college cheered the bishop, as his hopes of a steady supply of clergymen from England were lessened. The institution was, in 1844, moved to the neighborhood of Auckland, to which the bishop had transferred his own residence, although he was rarely stationary there for more than a few weeks at a time. The system of the college was entirely the bishop's own, except so far as it was a reproduction of ancient examples, for which he had a firm veneration. In his own words, he aimed from the first at "keeping up the whole framework of the

institution, however imperfectly the objects may be carried out, as the staff officers of the militia are retained, when the regiments themselves are disbanded." There were, therefore, from the first, a large school-building and bishop's residence, with library and rooms for the lay workers, a kitchen and dining-hall under another roof, a hospital in charge of a deacon, a chapel and a native industrial school, in which he gathered New Zealand lads from all parts of the diocese, a day-school, which Mrs. Selwyn kept, and a printing-house. Apart from the collegiate buildings were the barn, the dairy, the stable, the rick-yard, and the carpenter's shop, "all intended to catch the earliest dispositions to industry in the line to which the students are naturally inclined." There were also, after the example of cathedrals in old time, seven affiliated chapels within a radius of five miles, which were served by the college staff.

The whole conception of the college showed an instinctive knowledge of what was best, both for the natives and for the colonists, and above all, for the Church. The system was not understood even in New Zealand, and in Australia it furnished food for ridicule. As to the Maoris, the bishop foresaw that without careful and systematic training, relapses into the heathenism which they had easily thrown aside would be sure to occur. He wrote:—

We are apt to forget the laboring processes by which we acquired in early life the routine duties of cleanliness, order, method, and punctuality; and we often expect to find ready made in a native people the qualities which we ourselves have learned with difficulty, and which our own countrymen rapidly lose in the unsettled and irresponsible slovenliness of colonial life. We want a large supply of Oberlins and Felix Neffs, who, having no sense of their own dignity, will think nothing below it; and who will go into the lowest and darkest corner of the native character, to see where the difficulty lies which keeps them back from being assimilated to ourselves. They have received the gospel freely, and with an unquestioning faith: but the unfavorable tendency of native habits is every day dragging back many into the state of sin from which they seemed to have escaped. There is scarcely anything so small as not to affect the permanence of Christianity in this country. We require men who will number every hair of a native's head, as part of the work of Him who made and redeemed the world. It is not likely that men like Mr. Cotton and myself, brought up at the most aristocratic school in England, in the midst of amusement, luxury, and idleness, should have *theorized* a system

which reduced us to a style and habits of life altogether different from those to which we had been accustomed; but the complicated problem of the foundation of the Church in New Zealand seemed to find no other solution than that to which we have been led by the guidance, first of Scripture, and then of Church history and of practical observation. We found a native people, whose bane was desultory work interrupted by total idleness. With them the belief was fast gaining ground, that work was incompatible with the character of a gentleman. To waste their occasional earnings, the price of their lands, on useless horses or cast-off dress-coats, seemed to be the sum of their political economy. To appear in full dress at the morning service, and then to relapse into the more congenial *deshabille* of a blanket, was the form in which their respect was shown to the Sunday.

For the colonists he foresaw the peril of false pride and assumption of superiority from the presence of a surrounding race, supposed to be inferior to themselves, and from the degradation to which honest labor was subjected by the class of servile natives who clustered round the colonial towns.

This then [we are quoting the bishop's own words] was the difficult problem. To raise the character of both races, by humbling them; to hinder, so far as positive institutions may avail, the growth of that shabby, mean, and worthless race of upstart gentlemen, who are ashamed to dig but not to beg, whose need never excites them to industry, and whose pride never teaches them self-respect. Such a class is a nuisance at home, but it would be intolerable in a new country.

In the college, too, with its course of general education, the bishop saw the only hope of an indigenous white ministry. No pledges were taken or desired. The sons of farmers were trained in manual labor, as well as in those matters which commonly range under the title of "education," and always under the bishop's eye. If in time a youth displayed spiritual qualifications, which pointed him out as one fitted for a course of study, which would lead to ordination, so much the better for the Church. If, on the other hand, it seemed desirable that he should follow a secular calling, again the Church was served, for he went forth trained to do his part as a layman, and the ranks of the clergy were not burdened by an incompetent or ill-qualified member.

Never, probably, was bishop or priest more happy in his work and prospects than was our bishop in the first few years of his residence in Auckland. Frequently he declared that missionary life in New Zea-

land had no hardships. In his journals, he seems to revel in the beauty of the country, in the prospects of the colony, and in the gradual working-out of his plans, which lay before his mind clear as a well-drawn diagram.

Look at the position of Auckland [he wrote to a friend in England], and judge whether it may not justly be called the Corinth of the south, and join with me in the prayer that its people may be our epistle known and read of all men. On our college estate we have three distinct frontages to navigable waters. Every boy will grow up with a familiar knowledge of that element which has protected and enriched the land of his forefathers, and, as there never was a maritime people who did not become great and prosperous, my faith is that New Zealand will be a great country, and it is our duty to strive that it may be as good as it will be great.

To a man of his physical powers, delighting in outdoor exercise and especially happy on board ship, the life which duty called him to lead must have been, to say the least, congenial. None but a man in high spirits, full of faith and hope, could have written the following passage when starting in a ship of twenty-one tons on a voyage of three thousand miles:—

Suppose me, on one of our bright moonlight nights, in which a small print can be read with ease, embarked on board the schooner "Undine," twenty-one tons, the successor to the "Flying Fish." In my cabin are several English students of S. John's College, a good store of books, and above all, of writing materials; for the sea is not altogether *ἀρπυγῆρος* to me; for here, as you may see by the dates of my letters, I gather in the vintage of my correspondence and express a wine, which, with all its other defects, has not that of being "*maris expers*." The anchor is weighed; we are not long in clearing the harbor, and after many looks at the lights in the windows of the college—which by its commanding position demands a Pharos, as I hope it will hereafter deserve a library, like that of Alexandria—we enter on the first stage of our voyage.

These pleasant and congenial labors were interrupted by many troubles and anxieties, foremost among which was the oft-recurring land question, and the strifes between colonists and natives that were thus engendered. There were also intertribal wars among the natives. As early as 1843, there was the Kororareka insurrection, headed by John Heké, which came to a head in the following year. The bishop, hearing that the first shot had been fired and that troops had been despatched, followed in his own little ship. After two or three days of skirmishing, the flagstaff,

which was supposed to be the emblem of British rule, was cut down, and Heké danced the war-dance in the bishop's face. This was only the prelude to another outbreak, in which the bishop endeavored to act as peacemaker, and an old chief, Te Heuheu, gave a good deal of trouble. H.M.S. "Hazard" was blown out to sea, and for a week the English were almost undefended. Three hundred Christian natives had come to the bishop for the purpose of being confirmed, and there were serious thoughts of using them as soldiers—a part which they were by no means unwilling to play. At length the bishop and a government official went to the natives, who were prepared for the attack, and the old chief rose and said, "You have acted like gentlemen in coming," and called on his men to do honor to the Pakeha; in a few minutes the whole party were in retreat and the chance of bloodshed was over, to the bishop's great joy. These outbreaks, which sadly interfered with the work of the Church, were hard to repress, and the bishop had his share in allaying them, and more than his share in the anxiety which they caused.

A government of an uncivilized or half-civilized people can rest only on confidence. When we first began to colonize New Zealand our rule was welcomed by both colonists and natives. All acts of the government were zealously watched by the bishop and the missionaries, in the interests of the natives; for a long time the Colonial Parliament, as distinct from the Imperial, did not exist: the question who was to be supreme was not settled; even when in the Northern Island the Maoris set up a king of their own, non-intervention was still the rule. But in native affairs a double government is impossible, and colonial legislatures, whose members speak of England as "home," manage their government as a tenant manages a rack-rent farm: posterity has done nothing for them, and they will repay posterity in its own coin; their policy is therefore limited to the present. Thus it was in 1863, when the "insurrection," so called, of William Tamihana was crushed by main force; the bishop was asked by the governor to mediate: he attended a meeting on a Sunday, and heard Tamihana preach on the text, "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is to dwell together in unity," on which he advocated a fusion of all the tribes in one Maori nation. The bishop asked permission to preach to the Maoris in the afternoon, and took the same text, pleading for the union

of Maori and Pakeha and showing that the fusion was possible only by both obeying the same king and the same Lord.* His efforts were not successful, and for the colonists the only plan which their wisdom could produce was the confiscation of the land of the (so-called) rebels—an allotment of part of it to military pensioners, who should in return protect the colonists in their placid toil of speculation, a sale of another portion to future immigrants, who should thus defray the cost of the war, and the reservation of the rest for the conquered natives, who were expected at once to give up their hereditary habits, and to settle down as respectable farmers on terms of peace with the Pakeha intruders.

The land difficulty had been much complicated by the fact that the Church Missionary Society's missionaries held nearly one hundred thousand acres, far beyond the proportion which settlers were allowed by law to possess. The governor asked the bishop to persuade the missionaries to accept the terms proposed in order to prevent measures which would be a scandal to Christianity. The bishop did not shrink from this [or any other] task to which duty called him. He implored the missionaries "not to alienate the confidence and the support of the natives for the sake of a few barren acres, and to renounce the pride of ownership for the moral husbandry of Christ's kingdom in the harvest of souls."

In the face of all these external troubles the bishop was busied in the extension of his work. From the first his orderly and methodical mind prepared for the self-government of the Church. So early as 1844 he held the first synod of the diocese, the first experiment of the kind made in our communion since convocation was silenced in the mother Church. He was surrounded

by three archdeacons, four other priests, and two deacons. The subjects debated were limited to questions of Church discipline and Church extension, and many high authorities in England declared the meeting to be illegal. In 1847 a second synod was held, in which the bishop read a correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the colonial secretary, Mr. Gladstone, which proposed a church constitution in which bishops, clergy, and laity should be represented. In 1850 a meeting of the six bishops of Australasia was held in a timid fashion at Sydney; they scrupulously guarded themselves from the possibility of infringing the royal supremacy; but they put forth a declaration on the doctrine of holy baptism, signed by five bishops, the sixth, Bishop Perry, publishing his own views on the subject in a separate document. They established a Board of Missions (of which more presently), and they recommended a Church constitution, in which laity were united with the clergy. Two years later the laity of New Zealand, headed by the governor, petitioned for a share in Church legislation, and in 1859 the first general synod of New Zealand was held, at which there were present three bishops and a number of priests and laymen. It has been objected that in the welcome which he gave to laymen in synod the bishop showed himself deficient in a knowledge of Church law and ancient precedent, and surely the average colonist cannot be credited with special gifts which would add much value to his counsel in synod; but, after the unhappy blunder of last year, when in the Kaiapoi case, four bishops, under the presidency of Bishop Suter, of Nelson, condemned the Rev. H. E. Carlyon for holding doctrine which was "not the doctrine of the Church of New Zealand," but which is entirely legitimate in England, the blame and the guilt of affirming stark Zuinglianism lies at the door, not of the laity, but of a majority of the episcopate of New Zealand.

In another way the bishop from the first consolidated the Church. He did not wait until he found a perfect convert; every baptized Maori was to him a plant bearing seed, and from the first he sent them forth to plead with their brethren. For frequent failure he was of course prepared, but in faith he sent them forth. In 1846 two Maori converts went, at the bishop's bidding, to preach to a tribe with whom their own tribe had been at war, and the attempt cost them their lives; but their martyr deaths were, as in many other cases has happened, the seed of the church. In

* His address on this occasion was singularly characteristic. He began thus: "Here am I, a mediator for New Zealand. My work is mediation. I am not merely a Pakeha, or a Maori; I am a half-caste. I have eaten your food, I have slept in your houses; I have talked with you, journeyed with you, prayed with you, partaken of the Holy Communion with you. Therefore I say I am a half-caste. I cannot rid myself of my half-caste: it is in my body, in my flesh, in my bones, in my sinews. Yes, we are all of us half-castes. Your dress is half-caste—a Maori mat and English clothes; your strength is half-caste—your courage Maori, your weapons English guns. Your soldiers are half-caste—the man a Maori, the uniform and word of command English. Your *mana* (authority) is half-caste—a Maori office with an English name. Your faith is half-caste—the first preachers, your fathers in God, English, your own hearers the mothers, to whom was born faith. Therefore I say, we are all half-castes; therefore, let us dwell together with one faith, one love, and one law," etc., etc. (Cf. The Maori King. Macmillan: London, 1864. By J. E. Gorst, Esq., M.A., M.P., Q.C., a colonist superior to the greed of his class).

crossing a "tide-rip" in one of his early visitations the bishop saw a Maori lad wrap his head in his blanket when danger seemed imminent, and utter a howl of prayer to "the dragon god;" with Pauline insight he detected in this action a spiritual faculty, and he took the lad under his special care, and in 1853 Rota Waitoa was ordained the first of eighteen Maoris whom the bishop admitted to holy orders, and of whom not one ever proved unfaithful. What a contrast is this to the progress of an indigenous ministry in India, in Africa, in North America, and still more in Australia, where the very mention of the natives is a scandal to us! In 1848 the bishop first felt himself at liberty to look beyond the limits of New Zealand proper; the Archbishop of Canterbury had bidden him think of the scattered islands of the Pacific; the colonial office (in days when competitive examinations had not barred the entrance to the civil service) had made a geographical blunder in his letters patent, and assigned to him a diocese from fifty degrees of S. latitude to 34 degrees of N. latitude, and this he took with amused gravity in a literal sense. Accident placed at his disposal in this year a passage in H.M.S. "Dido." This primary voyage was limited to an inspection of the missionary work of Romanists and Protestant Dissenters. In 1849 the bishop sailed in the "Undine," visiting many islands, and bringing back five scholars to Auckland; in the following year the same islands were revisited; in 1851 the Bishop of Newcastle accompanied him in the "Border Maid," and in this voyage it was that the perilous visit was paid to Malicolo, when the Bishop of Newcastle, from the deck of the ship, saw preparations made on shore for the massacre of his friend who had landed, and could do nothing for him but pray for his safety, for the bishop never allowed any weapons on board his yacht. The society of Bishop Tyrrell, his old companion in the "Lady Margaret" boat at Cambridge, was due to the arrangement made in Sydney in 1850, when the Australian churches pledged themselves to share the work of the Melanesian mission, but this was the only occasion on which personal help was given. The dioceses of Sydney and Newcastle provided the "Border Maid," of nearly one hundred tons' burthen; but Selwyn regretted the loss of the little "Undine," "a friend at once so faithful and so cheap," which had carried his flag (a mitre and three stars) over twenty thousand miles of water, "with no damage beyond two five-shilling 'spars."

In 1852 and 1853 the voyages were repeated: the method of the bishop's missionary work is a thrice-told tale—we need not repeat how he swam and waded ashore, and confronted a crowd of cannibals, awing them by the dignity of his presence, and winning them by the sweetness of his manner. The patient repetition of this work year after year, itself no mean evidence of the greatness of his character, bore fruit in time. The number of lads entrusted to his care increased annually, and the necessity of having a winter school in some warmer zone than that of Auckland became apparent; but it was now also evident that the growth of the Melanesian mission and the subdivision of his diocese, on which his mind was resolutely set, demanded his presence in England, and in 1854 his arrival was welcomed by the whole Church, all classes uniting to do him honor. If much had been expected from him when he went forth, he had more than fulfilled the highest expectations of those who knew him most intimately.

The bishop's addresses both in Church and at meetings gave a distinct lift to the existing sympathy with missions. He had proposed to resign the 600*l.* per annum which the Church Missionary Society had guaranteed to him, and now the government withdrew the other moiety of his income; but he declared his intention of going back, and "trying how to live on nothing," expressing at the same time his satisfaction at not having accepted the recently vacated see of Sydney, as the difficulty of finding a successor to a barren see would have been great. He ultimately divided the society's grant into two portions, giving 200*l.* per annum to Bishop Williams of Waiapu, and reserving 400*l.* per annum for himself, which amount he continued to receive as long as he remained Bishop of New Zealand. His chief utterance during his visit to England was at Cambridge, where his four sermons on "the Work of Christ in the World" were masterpieces: of their visible results the most prominent was that Charles Frederic Mackenzie was moved by the arguments of the preacher to offer himself for mission work. The bishop pleaded that the primate should always have about him a band of young men "ready to go anywhere and to do anything." It had been his own conviction long ago, and all men knew that his own action had been, in accordance with it. "In the crowded cities of India or China, in the plains of Africa, or among the unnumbered islands of the

Pacific Ocean," he thought there might be found "outlets for the excited and sensitive spirit of the Church at home," in which men who were called "rebels" in England might be free "to serve God and to win souls." Everywhere the bishop pleaded for unity and charity. It was a time of great tension. The wrong done by the Gorham case was fresh in men's minds; there were keen controversies on the subject of the Holy Eucharist, and the tribunal which had usurped the supreme jurisdiction on these high matters had already incurred the suspicion, which the judicial committee of the Privy Council has on every subsequent occasion justified and confirmed. The words of the preacher are worth recording:—

Questions like those which now agitate men's minds must be tried by the balance of the sanctuary, or they must be left untried. The coarse and clumsy processes of common law cannot analyze the ethereal elements of the doctrines which link together the life that now is with that which is to come. To bring in aliens from other professions to judge on legal grounds alone of the meaning of words which can have no meaning at all but by their inward power and application to the heart, would be to deny to the Church, which will hereafter judge angels, the power to judge herself.

Probably his strong yearning for union occasionally exposed him to misunderstanding: when, for example, he said, "In the region of practical duty we find our test of necessary doctrine;" and again, "The range of necessary doctrine is that which is attainable by all," he was accused, not altogether unreasonably, of depreciating the queen of sciences, which was surely the last thing he would have done.*

In 1855 the bishop returned to New Zealand, accompanied by Mr. Patteson. It is no slight proof of the force of his character that it attracted to his side, and to a partnership in his labors, such men as Patteson, Whytehead, Cotton, besides others who have survived him. Each and all of these gave up prospects in England bright enough to tempt and to satisfy more than moderate ambition. Although he did not for the next six years resign his personal share in the Melanesian work, the story is so wrapped up with the familiar biography of Patteson, that we shall

say no more about it. In 1856 he made a voyage in the new ship, the "Southern Cross," in which he reached a latitude farther north than in any previous voyage. On this occasion it was that Patteson showed how well fitted he was for the work which had led him to give up home and friends. The Pitcairn Colony had been settled at Norfolk Island in the previous year, and Mrs. Selwyn spent eight weeks at this place, while the mission ship was making her way among the Banks' and Solomon Islands. In 1860 the pupils literally had outgrown the college at Auckland, and an estate was purchased at Kohimarama, a little distance from the city. It had been impossible to find a central station at which the Melanesians might live all the year. The Pitcairners and their unwise friends at home objected to Norfolk Island being shared by the mission party. Patteson had spent one winter with his boys at Lifu, but the Dissenters resented this as an intrusion. Another winter he had spent at Mota, and it was not until 1867 that the mission was planted at Norfolk Island.

Meanwhile the subdivision of the diocese on which the bishop had set his heart had been pushed on rapidly. In 1856, the see of Christ Church was founded, and two years later the sees of Wellington, Nelson, and Waiapu. Dunedin waited until 1866 for the consecration of its bishop, and the unhappy Jenner case gave great trouble both in England and in New Zealand. Bishop Selwyn held strongly that Bishop Jenner had been duly elected, and had been unjustly treated.

In 1861, Mr. Patteson was consecrated Bishop of Melanesia. The question of appointing missionary bishops for countries outside the queen's dominions had caused great searchings of heart at home. Lawyers, whom the primate consulted, said that to do so would be illegal, would infringe the queen's prerogative, and in short, there was no limit to the terrible things which would follow. When, at last, the step was decided on, the crown lawyers demanded the exact geographical limits of the see of central Africa, and Bishop Gray suggested the mountains of the moon; but at the antipodes none of these momentous questions were raised. Mr. Patteson was consecrated, and his headquarters were for years within three miles of the residence of the Bishop of New Zealand. We have often heard Bishop Selwyn say that no difficulty ever arose from the presence of two bishops in one see, and that in India, where the

* *Vide* "Memoir of Rev. J. Keble," p. 408. "Impossible as it is not to admire and love him, he makes me shiver now and then with his Protestantisms, crying up the Church Missionary Society, and abusing Becket at St. Augustine's as 'a haughty prelate.'"

Church suffers from a skeleton episcopate, it would be perfectly safe to put down bishops at stations suggested by the exigencies of each locality, such as variety of languages, and the like, with no territorial limits assigned to them as dioceses, but with a general understanding that Nelson's advice to the captains of his fleet, "Whenever you are in doubt what to do, you can never do wrong in bringing your ship alongside of the enemy," applied to the leaders of the spiritual contest. Wherever, as in the case of Selwyn, the *motif* of an episcopate is leadership in the work of aggression, the result is the extension and vigorous life of the Church. Where, as is too frequently the case, the *motif* is the "exercise of coercive jurisdiction," the result is repression of zeal, which either finds abnormal modes of action, or sinks into sullen apathy or morbid discontent.

Though relieved of the burden of the Melanesian work, the bishop found his troubles increasing on him in New Zealand. The wars, already mentioned as having been intermittent for twenty years, culminated in the Hau-hau superstition, a medley of every creed, in which numbers of the people relapsed into heathenism. This was the heaviest trial that could befall the bishop, and it was just a trial that showed the true nobility of the man. Amid the cannibalism and savagery, to which whole tribes had reverted, the bishop wrote in 1863 to the Bishop of Adelaide:—

I have now one simple missionary idea before me—of watching over the remnant that is left. Our native work is a remnant in two senses: the remnant of a decaying people, and the remnant of a decaying faith. The works of which you hear are not the works of heathens: they are the works of baptized men, whose love has grown cold from causes common to all churches of neophytes from Laodicea downwards.

In 1867, the bishop paid his second visit to England. The Lambeth Conference he regarded as "the most important event that had befallen the English Church since the Reformation." He avowed that he came as a learner; but the part which he played in the assembly was that of a leader. He had seen the working out of his plans during the past twelve years, and now he was on surer ground, and he spoke with much more confidence. Events too had happened at home which had abundantly justified his policy, and had thrown the colonial churches on their own spirit-

ual constitution. Everywhere his theme was unity between the mother and daughter Churches. The Privy Council has shown that the dream of a *Church of England* in Africa, or in Australia, or in New Zealand was a phantom, which mocked law, grammar, geography, and history; and when the legal tie proved valueless the people who put their trust in law, and who knew nothing of an Anglican communion extending over both hemispheres, foresaw nothing but chaos. Excellent was the ready retort which the bishop, who was expatiating on the intense affection of the colonial churches towards the mother Church, made to Lord Harrowby at the Wolverhampton Church Congress. The noble lord interrupted the bishop by saying *sotto voce*, "You have cut the painter." This, indeed, was a rash and unworthy charge often laid at the bishop's door, both in New Zealand and in England, but the retort was crushing:—

No! we have not cut the painter, it has parted of itself, and we are now engaged in forging a more enduring cable, like the invisible and immaterial bonds which anchor the planets to the sun. I have learned in that great Pacific Ocean, on which my islands lie like little gems, to pray for the grace of God to enable us to distil from the great ocean of the Catholic Church this essential salt of unity, and with that salt to season all our sacrifices, whether prayer, praise, or almsgiving, and whether at home or abroad, may that sacrifice be acceptable to God through the one perfect, all-sufficient sacrifice offered once for all.

The Wolverhampton Congress of 1867 was the last appearance in public of good Bishop Lonsdale, and on his death the see of Lichfield was offered to Bishop Selwyn, and at once declined; it was not until the sovereign and the primate pressed it on his acceptance that he felt it his duty to yield. To have still held out would have been to contradict the guiding principle of his life, obedience; but how much it cost him to yield only those who were nearest to him know. As he said, at a meeting at Oxford, with a humor that was partly grim and partly sad:—

It may be objected that I am no fit advocate of missionary work, seeing that I have forsaken it. All I can say is, I have had nothing to do with the change, except to obey. Twenty-seven years ago I was told to go to New Zealand, and I went; I am now told to go to Lichfield, and I go.

There was one very painful task before him ere the severance from his great work

was complete; it was necessary that he should again visit New Zealand, to set in order the countless trusts and other organizations of which he was the chief sharer, and to arrange for a successor to himself. Before doing so, he organized in his new diocese synodical action in a manner more thorough than the slower progress of other English dioceses had attained after years of effort. He met the clergy and laity in forty-four rural deaneries, in each of three archdeaconries, and in one great diocesan gathering, where there were one thousand laymen and between five and six hundred clergymen. His plans were subjected to severe criticism, and much excitement was stirred up. Lord Harrowby objected to the term synod, and the obnoxious word threatened to split up the meeting; but with a sweet smile, which perhaps covered some lurking contempt for the puerile objection, the bishop rose and said, "I had rather be in a conference with my Lord Harrowby than in a synod without him;" and so the difficulty vanished, and the bishop's scheme was floated. A glance at the Lichfield diocesan calendar shows how complete is the system of representation; a record of what has been accomplished will show that these gatherings have achieved useful results in the sphere which was proposed to them, of "practical, not legislative work." Before leaving for his hurried journey to the antipodes, the love of New Zealand colonists now resident in England took the substantial shape of a pastoral staff, which was presented to the bishop in London. The fourth General Synod of New Zealand was held under his presidency in Auckland, in October 1868; it lasted for fourteen days, and then came the painful severance. On the day of his departure all business was suspended: a farewell service was held in St. Paul's Church, and thousands thronged the streets and the quay to take yet another look at New Zealand's great apostle. The address from the Maori Church was pathetic to the last degree; it ended thus:—

O father, greeting. Go to your own country; go, the grace of God accompany you; go on the face of the deep waters. Father, take hence with you the commandments of God, leaving the people here bewildered. Who can tell that after your departure things will be with us as well as during your stay? Our love for you and our remembrance of you will never cease. For you will be separated from us in your bodily presence, and your countenance will be hidden from our eyes. Enough! this concludes our words of farewell to you, from your children.

Hardly less enthusiastic was the feeling in Sydney, where the bishop spent a few days.

Of his work in Lichfield we can only write briefly. It is known to the whole Church how from the first he grafted on the traditions of a venerable episcopate the unconventional habits which had been formed among the colonists. His predecessors had lived at Eccleshall Castle, which was remote from the cathedral city and inaccessible to all, not being near to any railway station; Bishop Selwyn at once made his home in Lichfield, adding to the existing buildings sufficient rooms in which to lodge the candidates for ordination at the Ember seasons, and the other guests who were constantly coming to the palace for counsel and comfort. He established a scheme by which candidates for holy orders, who were unable to bear the cost of an university education, or even of a lengthened course at a theological college, could offer themselves for examination at intervals of six months, remaining in their secular callings, and so maintaining themselves, or working for a small stipend as lay helpers with episcopal licence, before coming to the college for their final course of study. By this means a supply of clergy was forthcoming, which gave the diocese the services of men well trained for pastoral work under the eye of the bishop.

From the first all synodical arrangements had been made under a full conviction that the diocese must be speedily divided; this, indeed, the bishop has not lived to see, but pending the solution of difficulties, some inevitable, some intentionally placed in the way of a consummation so much to be desired, the next best thing has been done. The services of his two suffragans in New Zealand, Bishops Abraham and Hobhouse, have been secured for the diocese, and it will henceforth be impossible to revert to the former system; an amount of work has been done, and machinery has been set in motion which it will now be equally impossible to arrest or for one man to accomplish. It was a disappointment to Bishop Selwyn that the subdivision of his populous diocese had not been accomplished, and we remember hearing him express at a public meeting his great regret that the law would not allow him permanently to alienate from the income of his see 800*l.* per annum for each of the proposed dioceses, as the Bishop of Exeter had been allowed to do in the interests of the see of Truro.

In the midst of the engrossing labors of

his diocese, he never lost sight of the colonial and American churches, and of the duties which his office of permanent secretary of the Lambeth Conference imposed upon him. In 1871 he attended by invitation the General Convention of the Church of the United States, held at Baltimore: his presence and his frequent utterances both in the pulpit and in either house of the convention caused the greatest enthusiasm. It was determined that a visit so unprecedented should be marked by some permanent memorial, but the bishop declined to receive anything which should be personal to himself, and the result was a magnificent alms-dish, which he was asked to present to the English episcopate collectively, to be kept by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, and used "on such occasions as might be deemed appropriate." The formal presentation was made in S. Paul's Cathedral on July 3, 1872, at the anniversary service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and on the next day, a great anniversary in the States, Bishop Selwyn telegraphed the following appropriate message to the Bishop of New York: "Alms-basin presented yesterday in S. Paul's Cathedral. Independence is not disunion." Bishop Potter published the message, and added:—

It was a kindly and graceful impulse, on their part, to give such dignity to the reception of our offering of love, and to send to us such a message on such a day, and I am sure it will be warmly appreciated by all the members of our communion on this side of the water. Such is the progress of events since July 4, 1776. Let us hope that peace and goodwill may be maintained to the end of time.

* Before leaving Baltimore, he delivered an address on "the Principles of Mission Work, and Hindrances to it," which strikes us as being more remarkable even than his four Cambridge sermons: it is a most valuable missionary handbook,* founded partly on the general rules for the conduct of missionary work which are embodied in apostolic practice; and partly—as illustrating these—on the facts which had confronted himself in his own work. A careful study of the speech leads us to think that had there been more of the Selwyn spirit in those to whom our mission work has been entrusted, and more of his wisdom in those who from afar off exercise

some influence, not to say direction, in the work, our tale of missionary effort in India, in North America, and in Australia would have been other than it is. He denied that "any intellectual or moral incapacity shut out one single human being from the promises of the gospel." He had himself seen the Australian blacks and the Erromango natives, who had on two occasions killed the men who had come to them as messengers of the gospel; he had been present with one of the former race at the time of his execution, and "I must say," added the bishop, "that with all the imperfect knowledge of our language, with all the difficulty of communication with that man that I had, he left upon my mind, at the moment that his irons were being struck off, the impression that he died with just so much of simple faith as was accepted by Jesus Christ from the penitent on the cross." Neither did wandering habits of any people shut them out from the gospel, although it laid on Christians the duty of wandering as they roved from place to place. Where this practical zeal had been shown, there had been no insuperable difficulties. He instanced the case of forty-five hundred Dakota Indians who had thus been won by the American Church on their own western wilderness. He reminded them that the fabled origin of civilization came from Orpheus, who

went out with his harp into the woods, and played such captivating strains that the wild men of the woods followed him, and built cities in order that they might ever remain within the sound of that music which so touched their hearts. But we say no; we tell these wild men of the woods, "Come into our cities, give up your wandering lives, and then we will play music to you;" so that the music is to be the end, and not the means; that the gospel is to be preached to them when they have first accepted that total change of manners which nothing but the gospel can produce.

Neither was the supply of men any difficulty, if only we accepted the plenary promise of the great Head of the Church to be with it always.

It was in the faith and power of this promise that S. Paul commissioned Timothy to deliver the gospel which he had received from him to faithful men, who should be able to teach others also—five generations of the Christian Church comprised in two short verses of the Epistle to Timothy. It was in that strength and in that spirit that S. Paul directed Titus to go to Crete and to ordain him elders in every city. And who were those Cretans? Always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies; and yet

* Principles of Missionary Work, and Hindrances to it. Published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

those liars were to be the preachers of gospel truth; those evil beasts were to lie down with the Lamb of God; out of those slow bellies were to flow forth rivers of living water.

We have quoted from this unique address at greater length than our space warrants, because it was unfortunately little heard of in England, and it is due to the memory of its author that it find some permanent record. The bishop visited the United States a second time, when the General Convention was held in New York in 1874. He had in 1872 consecrated the vicar of Tamworth Bishop of Trinidad, thus linking by yet another tie the colonial churches with his own diocese and with himself; and in the following year he had moved in the upper house of the Convocation of Canterbury for a committee to consider the propriety of asking the Archbishop of Canterbury "to undertake an office, whatever it might be called, equivalent to that of patriarch in the ancient Church;" and he based his arguments for such a course on the needs and the interests of the colonial churches.

To return once more, and for the last time, to Lichfield. His true conception of the episcopate here, as in New Zealand, put him at the head of the workers of his diocese; with genuine workers he had real sympathy, and he knew their value too well to think of reducing their numbers, or of breaking their spirit either by open persecution or by supercilious neglect. It was matter of real regret to the bishop's friends that he should have allowed the Public Worship Regulation Act to have passed without protest in his place in Parliament, and in that regret we confess that we still share to the full; but in the diocese of Lichfield the unconstitutional statute has been a dead letter, and the moral courage which the bishop showed in two cases where faithful priests were assailed by puppet parishioners at the instigation of the Church Association was worthy of himself. He knew that "Chinese exactness" (an episcopate phrase coined a quarter of a century ago in the interests of laxity) could not be attained. His wish was "that all clergymen in all sections of the Church should bring their service into strict conformity with the rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer — but," he added, "I must use my own discretion as to the time and circumstances in which I should exercise any authoritative interference to bring about this exact compliance."

In another case, while he thought that "great caution should be used" in bring-

ing about by legal force changes in ritual to which congregations were attached, he respected the wishes of a minority of the people, to whom he thought it due that services agreeable to their convictions should be provided at certain times; for the minority in this particular parish a minimum of bald services was secured, while the majority enjoyed the ornate worship day by day which they had learned to love, and thus a *modus vivendi* was secured by the bishop's wisdom and gentleness. The prisoners in Stafford gaol were among the last persons to whom he ministered. The canal population, so migratory in its habits as to defy parochial organization, the bishop considered as a special class, and he provided a special mission, intending in person to make the first voyage in the diocesan barge which he had caused to be built as a floating church.

It is time to bring to a close this all-imperfect notice of so worthy a life. It is difficult in one word to sum up the varied elements of a great and many-sided character. Mr. Gladstone, with a knowledge dating from the days when they were schoolfellows, declared that it had throughout been "noble;" it is a comprehensive epithet, and covers all that gave to the life so much of beauty and of moral dignity, and it is in no degree extravagant; in all the varying conditions and surroundings of his career there was the same simplicity of life and the same transparency of character. It may be said with truth that he never uttered an evasive expression or gave ambiguous counsel; he saw the bearings of every question with great rapidity; his principles were already formed, and in obedience to them he fearlessly acted, and for popularity he had the grace not to care a straw. The great simplicity of his life which led him to surround himself with no adventitious pomp or dignity, which made him content when obliged to be in London with rooms in the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth, instead of the accustomed town house in a fashionable quarter, was not so much the result of habits formed in a more primitive colonial society as it was the very nature of the man himself. The strict economy which he practised in his personal expenditure enabled him to act up to the maxim of John Wesley, which he was so fond of impressing on others, "*Save all you can and give all you can.*" A friend, whose guest he often was when in New Zealand, writes to us: —

Whenever he stayed in a settler's house his great desire seemed to be to give no trouble.

He would insist on carrying his own travelling bags, would always tidy his room, and make his own bed, and I have known him surreptitiously to wash his own clothes. This was done with the knowledge that in New Zealand servants are scarce, and that the ladies of the household do many things for themselves and their families which ladies are not accustomed to do in England. He also refused to take wine when he was a settler's guest, not on grounds of total abstinence, but because he knew that in out-stations wine was scarce and expensive. His own hospitality was profuse but simple; indeed, he kept open house, every one who came to Auckland was welcomed, and knew that formal invitation was not needed. "I give good advice but bad dinners," the bishop used to say to his guests; the badness of the dinner being only a synonym for wholesome roast and boiled.

At Lichfield, as at Auckland, he was given to hospitality after the same open-handed but unostentatious fashion. On a recent occasion two sisters of mercy who had been nursing a Staffordshire clergyman went, when their labors were no longer needed, to Lichfield, intending to spend a few hours in the city before starting on their homeward journey. Walking from the station they met the bishop, who crossed the road, saluted them, asked them many questions about their work and their community; finding what was their errand he made himself their guide to the beauties of the cathedral, brought them to the palace, gave them hospitality, and when the time came for their departure they were sent off with many kind words and a fatherly blessing. The good sisters hardly knew whether they were awake or in a dream; no bishop had ever spoken a word to them before, and when they told their experiences to the other members of the society, the story seemed like a fable, and the event was chronicled in the records of the community as something wholly without precedent.

The last hours of the great prelate were in beautiful consistency with his life of abundant labor and unselfish devotion. When the pulse was beating slowly, and the light of this life was flickering and waning, his thoughts, even amid the wanderings caused by bodily weakness, were with the distant islands for whom he had done so much, and to whose evangelization, when his own active labors in their behalf had ended, he had given his son. At one time he would exclaim, with kindling eye, "A light to lighten the Gentiles;" at another he would murmur, "They will all come back;" as indeed the larger portion of those who sometime apostatized, have

already returned; and then, in the soft Maori language which for a quarter of a century was familiar to him as his mother tongue, he would say, "It is all light."

In that "all light" he now walks. It is for us who remain to cherish a memory so bright, and to study an example so precious.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOOD ADVICE.

"OH, he did not say much," Law replied to Lottie's questioning when he went home in the afternoon. "He was very jolly—asked me to stay, and gave me lunch. How they live, those fellows! Cutlets, and cold grouse, and *pâté de foie gras*; something like. You girls think you know about housekeeping; you only know how to pinch and scrape, that's all."

Lottie did not reply, as she well might, that *pâtés de foie gras* were not bought off such allowances as hers; she answered rather with feminine heat, as little to the purpose as her brother's taunt, "As if it mattered what we ate! If you had grouse or if you had bread and cheese, what difference does it make? You care for such mean things, and nothing at all about your character or your living. What did Mr. Ashford say?"

"My character?" said Law, "I've done nothing wrong. As for my living, I'm sure I don't know how *that's* to be got, neither does he. He thinks I should emigrate or go into the army—just what I think myself. He's *very* jolly; a kind of man that knows what you mean, and don't just go off on his own notions. I think," said Law, "that he thinks it very queer of you, when you could set me up quite comfortably, either in the army or abroad, not to do it. He did not say much, but I could see that he thought it very queer."

"I—could set you up—what is it you mean, Law?" Lottie was too much surprised at first to understand. "How could I set you up?" she went on faltering. "You don't mean that you told Mr. Ashford about—Oh, Law, you are cruel! Do you want to bring us down to the dust, and leave us no honor, no reputation at all? First thinking to enlist as a common soldier, and then—me!"

"Well, then you. Why not you as well

as me, Lottie? You've just as good a right to work as I have; you're the eldest. If I am to be bullied for not reading, which I hate, why should you refuse to sing, which you like? Why, you're always squalling all over the place, even when there's nobody to hear you—you could make a very good living by it; and what's more," said Law, with great gravity, "be of all the use in the world to me."

"How could I be of use to you?" said Lottie, dropping her work upon her knee and looking up at him with wondering eyes. This was a point of view which had not struck her before, but she had begun to perceive that her indignation was wasted, and that it was she only in her family who had any idea that a girl should be spared anything. "Law," she said piteously, "do you think it is because I don't want to work? Am I ever done working? You do a little in the morning, but I am at it all the day. Do you think Mary could keep the house as it is and do everything?"

"Pshaw," answered Law, "anybody could do that."

Lottie was not meek by nature, and it was all she could do to restrain her rising temper. "Mary has wages, and I have none," she said. "I don't mind the work; but if there is one difference between the common people and gentlefolk, it is that girls who are ladies are not sent out to work. It is for men to work out in the world, and for women to work at home. Would you like everybody to be able to pay a shilling and go and see your sister? Oh, Law! it is for you as much as for me that I am speaking. Everybody free to stare and to talk, and I standing there before them all, to sing whatever they told me, and to be cheered perhaps, and people clapping their hands at me—at me, your sister, a girl—— Law! you would not have it; I know you could not bear it. You would rush and pull me away, and cover me with a cloak, and hide me from those horrible people's eyes."

"Indeed, I should do nothing of the sort," said Law; "I'd clap you too—I should like it. If they were hissing, it would be a different matter. Besides, you know, you could change your name. They all change their names. You might be Miss Smith, which would hurt nobody. Come, now, if you are going to be reasonable, Lottie, and discuss the matter—why, your great friend Miss Huntington sang at a concert once—not for any good, not to be paid for it—only to make an exhibition of herself (and she was not much to look at, either); don't you remember?

It would be nothing worse than that, and heaps of ladies do that. Then it is quite clear you must do something, and what else would you like to do?"

Lottie frowned a little, not having taken this question into consideration as it would have been right for her to do; but the things that concerned other people had always seemed to her so much more important. She never had any doubt of her own capabilities and energies. When the question was thus put to her she paused.

"Just now I am at home; I have plenty to do," she said; then, after another pause, "If things change here—if I cannot stay here, Law, why shouldn't we go together? You must get an appointment, and I would take care of you. I could make the money go twice as far as you would. I could help you if you had work to do at home—copying or anything, I would do it. It would not cost more for two of us than for one. I could do everything for you, even your washing; and little things besides. Oh, I don't doubt I could get quantities of little things to do," said Lottie, with a smile of confidence in her own powers; "and no one need be the wiser; you would be thought to have enough for us both."

"Listen to me, now," said Law, who had shown many signs of impatience, not to say consternation. "What you mean is (if you know what you mean), that you intend to live upon me. You needn't stare; you don't think what you're saying, but that is what you really mean when all is done. Look here, Lottie; if I were to get a place I should live in lodgings. I should bring in other fellows to see me. I shouldn't want to have my sister always about. As for not spending a penny more, that means that you would give me dinners like what we have now; but when I have anything to live on, of my own, I shall not stand that. I shall not be content, I can tell you, to live as we live now. I want to be free if I get an appointment; I don't want to have you tied round my neck like a millstone; I want to have my liberty, and enjoy myself. If it comes to that, I'd rather marry than have a sister always with me; but at first I shall want to have my fling and enjoy myself. And what is the use of having money," said Law, with the genuine force of conviction, "unless you can spend it upon yourself?"

Lottie was altogether taken by surprise. It was the first time they had thus discussed the question. She made no reply to this utterance of sound reason. She sat with her work on her knee, and her

hands resting upon it, staring at her brother. This revelation of his mind was to her altogether new.

"But on the other side," said Law, feeling more and more confidence in himself as he became used to the sound of his own voice, and felt himself to be unanswerable, "on the other side, a singer gets jolly pay, far better than any young fellow in an office; and you could quite well afford to give me an allowance so that I might get into the army as a fellow ought. You might give me a hundred or two a year and never feel it; and with that I could live upon my pay. And you needn't be afraid that I should be ashamed of you," said generous Law, "not one bit. I should stand by you and give you my countenance as long as you conducted yourself to my satisfaction. I should never forsake you. When you sang anywhere I'd be sure to go and clap you like a madman, especially if you went under another name (they all do); that would leave me more free. Now, you must see, Lottie, a young fellow in an office could not be much good to you, but you could be of great use to me."

Still Lottie did not make any reply. No more terrible enlightenment ever came to an unsuspecting listener. She saw gradually rising before her as he spoke, not only a new Law, but a new version of herself till this moment unknown to her. This, as was natural, caught her attention most; it made her gasp with horror and affright. Was this herself—Lottie? It was the Lottie her brother knew. That glimpse of herself through Law's eyes confounded her. She seemed to see the coarse and matter-of-fact young woman who wanted to live upon her brother's work; to make his dinners scanty in order that she might have a share, to interfere with his companions and his pleasures—so distinctly that her mouth was closed and her very heart seemed to stop beating. Was this herself? Was this how she appeared to other people's eyes? She was too much thunderstruck, overawed by it, to say anything. The strange difference between this image and her own self-consciousness, her conviction that it was for Law's advantage she had been struggling, her devotion to the interests of the family before everything, filled her with confusion and bewilderment. Could it be she that was wrong, or was it he that was unjust and cruel? The wonder and suddenness of it gave more poignant and terrible force to the image of her which was evidently in Law's mind. All the selfish obtuseness of

understanding, the inability to perceive what she meant or to understand the object of her anxiety, which had so wounded and troubled her in Law, her brother had found in her. To him it was apparent that what Lottie wanted was not his good, but that she might have some one to work for her, some one to save her from working. She gazed not at Law, but at the visionary representation of herself which Law was seeing, with a pang beyond any words. She could not for the moment realize the brighter image which he made haste to present before her of the generous sister who made him an allowance and enabled him to enter the army "as a fellow ought," and of whom he promised never to be ashamed. It is much to be doubted whether Lottie had any warm sense of humor at the best of times; certainly she showed herself quite devoid of it now. She was so hurt and sore that she could not speak. It was not true. How could he be so cruel and unjust to her? But yet, could it be at all true? Was it possible that this coarse picture was like Lottie, would be taken for Lottie by any one else? She kept looking at him after he had stopped speaking, unable to take her eyes from him, looking like a dumb creature who has no other power of remonstrance. Perhaps in other circumstances Lottie would have been so foolish and childish as to cry; now she battled vaguely, dismally, with a sense of heartbreaking injustice, yet asking herself could any part of it be true?

"Don't stare at me so," said Law; "you look as if you had never seen a fellow before. Though he was civil and did not say anything, it was easy to see that was what old Ashford thought. And I've got to go back to him to-morrow, if that will please you; and, by the way, he said he'd perhaps come and see you and tell you what he thought. By Jove, it's getting late. If I don't get out at once he'll come and palaver, and I shall have to stay in and lose my afternoon as I lost the morning. I'm off, Lottie. You need not wait for me for tea."

It did not make much difference to her when he went away, plunging down the little staircase in two or three long steps. Lottie sat like an image in stone, all the strength taken from her. She seemed to have nothing left to say to herself—no ground to stand on, no self-explanation to offer. She had exhausted all her power of self-assertion for the moment; now she paused and looked at herself as her father and brother saw her—a hard, scanty, parsimonious housekeeper, keeping them on

the simplest fare, denying them indulgences, standing in their way. What if she kept the house, as she fondly hoped, like a gentleman's house, sweet and fresh, and as fair as its faded furniture permitted. What did they care for tidiness and order? What if she managed, by infinite vigilance and precaution, to pay her bills and keep the credit of the household, so far as her power went, unimpaired? They did not mind debts and duns, except at the mere moment of encountering the latter, and were entirely indifferent to the credit of the name. She was in her father's way, who before this time would have married the woman who brushed past Lottie on the slopes, but for having this useless grown-up daughter, whom he did not know how to dispose of; and if Law got an appointment (that almost impossible yet fondly cherished expectation which had kept a sort of forlorn brightness in the future), it now turned out that she would be in Law's way as much or more than in her father's. Lottie's heart contracted with pain; her spirit failed her. She who had felt so strong, so capable, so anxious to inspire others with her own energy and force; she who had felt herself the support of her family, their standard-bearer, the only one who was doing anything to uphold the falling house—in a moment she had herself fallen too, undermined even in her own opinion. Many a blow and thrust had she received in the course of her combative life, and given back with vigor and a stout heart. Never before had she lost her confidence in herself, the certainty that she was doing her best, that with her was the redeeming force, the honorable principle which might yet convert the others, and save the family and elevate the life of the house. What she felt now was that she herself, the last prop of the Despard's, was overthrown and lying in ruin. Was it possible that she was selfish too, seeking her own ease like the rest, avoiding what she disliked just the same as they did? A sudden moisture of intense pain suffused Lottie's eyes. She was too heart-struck, too fallen to weep. She covered her face with her hands, though there was no one to cover it from, with the natural gesture of anguish, seeking to be hidden even from itself.

Lottie did not pay much attention, although she heard steps coming up the stair. What did it matter? either it was Law who had stricken her so wantonly to the ground, or her father who did not care what happened to her, or Mrs. O'Shaughnessy who did not count. Few other peo-

ple mounted the stairs to the little drawing-room in Captain Despard's house. But when she raised her head, all pale and smileless, and saw that the visitor was Mr. Ashford, Lottie scarcely felt that this was a stranger, or that there was any occasion to exert herself and change her looks and tones. Did not he think so too? She rose up, putting down her work, and made him a solemn salutation. She did not feel capable of anything more. The minor canon drew back his hand, which she did not see, with the perturbation of a shy man repulsed. Lottie was not to him so unimportant a person as she was to her brother. She was surrounded by all the unconscious state of womanhood and mystery and youth—a creature with qualities beyond his ken, wonderful to him, as unknown though visible, and attracting his imagination more than any other of these wonderful mystic creatures, of whom he had naturally encountered many in his life, had ever done. His heart, which had so swelled with pity and admiration on Sunday evening, was not less sympathetic and admiring now, notwithstanding that it was through Law's eyes that he had been seeing her to-day; and this repulse, which was so unlike her candor and frankness yesterday, gave him a little pain. He wanted to be of use to her, and he wanted to tell her so—and to repel him while he had these generous purposes in his mind seemed hard. He sat down, however, embarrassed, on the chair she pointed him to, and looking at her, when thus brought nearer, he discovered, even with his short-sighted eyes, how pale she was and how woe-begone. Some one had been vexing her, no doubt, poor child! This took the shyness out of Mr. Ashford's voice.

"I have come to make my report," he said, in as even a tone as he could command, "about Lawrence. He has told you—that he has been with me most part of the day?"

"Yes." When Lottie saw that more than this monosyllable was expected from her, she made an effort to rouse herself. "I fear it is not anything very encouraging that you have to say?"

"I have two things to say, Miss Despard—if you will permit me. Did you ever read Lord Chesterfield's letters? But no, perhaps they are not reading for such as you. There are many wickednesses in them which would disgust you, but there is one most tragic, touching thing in them —"

He made a pause; and Lottie, who was young and variable, and ready to be inter-

ested in spite of herself, looked up and asked, "What is that?"

"I wonder if I may say it?—it is the effort of the father to put himself—not a good man, but a fine, subtle, ambitious, aspiring spirit—into his son; and the complete and terrible failure of the attempt."

"I do not know—what that can have to do with Law and me."

"Yes. Pardon me for comparing you in your generous anxiety to a man who was not a hero. But, Miss Despard, you see what I mean. You will never put yourself into Law. He does not understand you, he is not capable of it. You must give up the attempt. I am only a new acquaintance, but I think I must be an old friend, somehow. I want you to give up the attempt."

He looked at her with such a kind comprehension and pity in his eyes, that Lottie's heart sprang up a little from its profound depression, like a trodden-down flower, to meet this first gleam of sunshine. She did not quite see what he meant even now, but it was something that meant kindness and approval of her. He cannot think *that* of me! she said to herself.

"I am glad you will hear me out," he said, with a look of relief; "for the rest is better. Law is not stupid. He would not be your brother if he were stupid. He is a little too prudent, I think. He will not hear of emigrating because he has no money, nor of trying for the army because he could not live on his pay. Right enough, perhaps, in both cases; but a hot-headed boy would not mind these considerations, and a fellow of resolution might succeed in either way."

"He has always been like that," said Lottie. "You see Law does not want anything very much, except to be as well off as possible. He would never make up his mind what to try for. He says anything; and anything means—Oh! Mr. Ashford, I want to ask you something about myself. Do you think it is just as bad and selfish of me to refuse to be—oh! a public singer? I thought I was right," said Lottie, putting out her hands with unconscious dramatic action, as if groping her way; "but now I am all in doubt. I don't know what to think. Is it just the same? is it as bad of me?"

She looked at him anxiously, as if he could settle the question, and the minor canon did not know what reply to make. He was on both sides, feeling with her to the bottom of his heart; yet seeing, too, where the reason lay.

"I am very sure you are doing nothing

either bad or selfish," he said; but hesitated, and added no more.

"You won't tell me," she cried; "that must mean that you are against me. Mr. Ashford, I have always heard that there was a great difference between girls and boys; like this: that for a boy to work was always honorable, but for a girl to work was letting down the family. Mamma—I don't know if she was a good judge—always said so. She said it was better to do anything than work, so as that people should know. There was a lady, who was an officer's wife, just as good as we were; but they all said she was a governess once and were disagreeable to her. It seemed a kind of disgrace to all the children. Their mother was a governess—"

"But that is very bad; very cruel," said the minor canon. "I am sure, in your heart, that is not a thing of which you can approve."

"No," said Lottie doubtfully; "except just this—that it would be far more credit—far more *right*, if the men were to try hard and keep the girls at home. That is what I thought. Oh, it is not the work I think of! Work! I like it. I don't mind what I do. But there must always be somebody for the work at home. Do you suppose Mary could manage for them if I were not here? There would be twice as much spent, and everything would be different. And do you not think, Mr. Ashford, that it would be more credit to them—better for every one, more honorable for Law, if he were at work and I at home, rather than that people should say, 'His sister is a singer?' Ah! would you let your own sister be a singer if you were as poor as we are? or would you rather fight it out with the world, and keep her safe at home, only serving you?"

"My sister!" said the minor canon. He was half affronted, half touched, and wholly unreasonable. "That she should never do! not so long as her brother lived to work for her—nor would I think it fit either that she should serve me."

"Ah, but there you are wrong," said Lottie, whose face was lighted up with a smile of triumph. "I thought you would be on my side! but there you are wrong. She would be happy, proud to serve you. Do you think I mean we are to be idle, not to take our share? Oh, no, no! In nature a man works and rests; but a woman never rests. Look to himself at the poor people. The man has his time in the evenings, and his wife serves him. It is quite right—it is her share. I should never, never grumble at that. Only," cried Lot-

tie, involuntarily clasping her hands, "not to be sent outside to work there! I keep Mary for the name of the thing; because it seems right to have a servant; but if we could not afford to keep Mary, do you think I would make a fuss? Oh, no, Mr. Ashford; no! I could do three times what she does. I should not mind what I did. But if it came to going out, to having it known, to letting people say, 'His sister is a governess,' or (far worse), 'His sister is a singer'—it is that I cannot bear."

Mr. Ashford was carried away by this torrent of words, and by the natural eloquence of her eyes and impassioned voice, and varying countenance. He did not know what to say. He shook his head, but when he came to himself and found his footing again, made what stand he could. "You forget," he said, "that all this would be of no use for yourself or your future——"

"For me!" Lottie took the words out of his mouth with a flush and glow of beautiful indignation. "Was it *me* I was thinking of? Oh, I thought you understood!" she cried.

"Let me speak, Miss Despard. Yes, I understand. You would be their servant; you would work all the brightness of your life away. You would never think of yourself; and when it suited them to make a change—say when it suited Law to marry—you would be thrown aside, you would find yourself without a home, wearied, worn out with your work, disappointed, feeling the thanklessness, the bitterness of the world."

Lottie's face clouded over. She looked at him, half-defiant, half appealing. "That is not how—one's brother would behave. You would not do it——"

"No; perhaps I would not do it—but, on the other hand," said Mr. Ashford, "I might do—what was as bad. I might make a sacrifice. I might—give up marrying the woman whom I loved for my sister's sake. Would that be a better thing to do?"

Their eyes met when he spoke of the woman he loved—that is, he looked at Lottie, who was gazing intently at him, and strangely enough, they could not tell why, both blushed, as if the sudden contact of their looks had set their faces aglow. Lottie instinctively drew back without knowing it—and he, leaning towards her, repeated, almost with vehemence,—

"Would that be a better thing to do?"

Lottie hid her face in her hands. "Oh, no, no!" she said, her sensitive frame

trembling. Mr. Ashford was old, and Law was but a boy—how could there be any question of the woman either loved?

"Forgive me, Miss Despard, if I seem to go against you—my heart is all with you; but you ought to be independent," he said; "either the woman would be sacrificed or the man would be sacrificed. And that kind of sacrifice is bad for everybody. Don't be angry with me; sacrifices generally are bad; the more you do for others, the more selfish they become. Have you not seen that even in your little experience? There are many people who never have it in their power to be independent; but those who have should not neglect it—even if it is not in a pleasant way."

"Even if it is by—being a singer?" She lifted her head again, and once more fixed upon him eyes which were full of unshed tears. Taking counsel had never been in Lottie's way; but neither had doubt ever been in her way till now. Everything before had been very plain. Right and wrong—two broad lines straight before her; now there was right and wrong on both sides, and her landmarks were removed. She looked at her adviser as women look, to see not only what he said, but whatsoever shade of unexpressed opinion might cross his face.

"It is not so dreadful after all," he said. "It is better than many other ways. I am afraid life is hard, as you say, upon a girl, Miss Despard. She must be content with little things. This is one of the few ways in which she can really get independence and—stop, hear me out—the power to help others too."

Lottie had almost begun a passionate remonstrance; but these last words stopped her. Though she might not like the way, still was it possible that this might be a way of setting everything right? She stopped gazing at her counsellor, her eyelids puckered with anxiety, her face quite colorless, and expressing nothing but this question. Not a pleasant way—a way of martyrdom to her pride—involving humiliation, every pang she could think of; but still perhaps a way of setting everything right.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CRISIS.

WHEN Lottie got up next morning, the world seemed to have changed to her. It had changed a little in reality, as sometimes one day differs from another in autumn, the world having visibly made a

more marked revolution than usual in a single night. It had got on to the end of August, and there were traces of many fiery fingers upon the leaves on the slopes. It had been a very fine summer, but it was coming prematurely to an end, everybody said, and about the horizon there began to be veils of luminous mist in the morning, and soft haze that veiled the evening light. This autumnal aspect of the world seemed to have come on in that one night. The Virginian creeper round the window had "turned" in several patches of scarlet and yellow all at once. It was beautiful, but it was the first step towards winter and the chills — the first evidence of a year decaying which makes the spectator pause and think. When Lottie woke, she felt in her heart that consciousness of something, she knew not what, something that had happened to her, that overshadowed her, and forced itself upon her before she could tell what it was, which is the way care manifests itself at our bedsides: something that made her heart heavy the first thing on awaking. Then she remembered what it was. Lottie, we have said, was not a girl who was in the habit of taking advice; but for that once she had taken it, seizing upon the first trustworthy witness she could find who would bring an impartial eye to the problem of her life. She had been very strong in her own opinion before, but when reason was put before her, Lottie could not shut her eyes to it. Neither could she dawdle and delay when there was anything to do. She awoke with the consciousness that some ghost was lurking behind her white curtains. Then with a start and shiver remembered and realized it, and, drawing herself together, made up her mind to act at once. What was the use of putting off? Putting off was the reason why Law was so backward, and Lottie was not one of those who let the grass grow under their feet. The more disagreeable the first step was, the more reason was there that it should be taken to-day. She went down-stairs with a gleam of resolution in her eyes. After the shock of finding out that there is a painful thing to do, the determination to do it at once is a relief. It brings an almost pleasure into the pain to set your face to it bravely and get done with it: there is thus an exhilaration even in what is most disagreeable. So Lottie felt. Her despondency and depression were gone. She had something definite to do, and she would do it, let what obstacle soever stand in the way. She made the family tea and cut the bread with more energy than usual. She was the

first visible, as she always was, but her mind was fully occupied with her own affairs, and she was glad enough to be alone for half an hour. After that she had to go up again, and knock at her father's door to remind him that there was but little time for breakfast before the bell began to ring for matins; but she had taken her own breakfast and begun her work before the captain and Law came down-stairs. When she had poured out their tea for them she sat down in the window-seat with her sewing. She did not take any share in their talk, neither did she watch, as she often did, the stir of morning life in the Dean's Walk — the tradesmen's carts going about, the perambulators from the town pushing upward, with fresh nursemaids behind, to the shady walk on the slopes, now and then a tall red soldier showing against the grey wall of the Abbey opposite, the old chevaliers beginning to turn out, taking their little morning promenade before the bells began. The stir was usually pleasant to Lottie, but she took no notice of it to-day. She was going to matins herself this morning — not perhaps altogether for devotion, but with the idea, after the service, of lying in wait at the north gate for the exit of the signor.

How it was that the subject came under discussion Lottie did not know. She woke to it only when it came across herself and touched upon her own thoughts. It was Law who was saying something (it was fit for him to say so), grumbling about the inequality of education, and that girls had just as good a right to work as boys.

"I should like to know," he said, "why I should have to get hold of a lot of books, and trot over to old Ashford, and work like a slave till one o'clock, while she sits as cool and as fresh as can be, and never stirs." He was not addressing anybody in particular, but grumbling to the whole world at large, which was Law's way. Generally, his father took no notice of him, but some prick of sensation in the air no doubt moved him to-day.

"Speak of things you know something about," said the captain; "that's the best advice I can give you, Law. And let Lottie alone. Who wants her to work? The fresher she looks, and the better she looks, the more likely she is to get a husband; and that's a girl's first duty. Is that the bell?" said Captain Despard, rising, drawing himself up, and pulling his collar and wristbands into due display. "Let me hear nothing about work. No daughter of mine shall ever disgrace herself and me in

that way. Get yourself a husband, my child; that's the only work I'll ever permit, that's all a lady can do. A good husband, Lottie. If I heard of some one coming forward, I'd be happier, I don't deny. Bring him to the scratch, my dear; or if you're in difficulty refer him to me."

He was gone before Lottie could utter a word of the many that rushed to her lips. She turned upon Law instead, who sat and chuckled behind his roll. "If it had not been for you, he would not have insulted me so!" she cried.

"Oh, insulted you!—you need not be so grand. They say you may have Purcell if you like," said Law, "or even the signor; but it's the other fellow, Ridsdale, you know, your old flame, the governor is thinking of. If you could catch him now! though I don't believe a fellow like that could mean anything. But even Purcell is better than nothing. If you would take my advice——"

Lottie did not stay to hear any more. He laughed as she rushed out of the room, putting up her hands to her ears. But Law was surprised that she did not strike a blow for herself before she left him. Her self-restraint had a curious effect upon the lad. "Is anything up?" he said to himself. Generally it was no difficult matter to goad Lottie to fury with allusions like this. He sat quite still and listened while she ran up-stairs into her own room, which was overhead. Then Law philosophically addressed himself to what was left of the breakfast. He had an excellent appetite, and the bell ringing outside which called so many people, but not him, and the sight of the old chevaliers streaming across the road, and the morning congregation hurrying along to the door in the cloisters, pleased him as he finished his meal, without even his sister's eye upon him to remark the ravages he made in the butter. But when he heard Lottie's step coming down-stairs again Law stopped, not without a sense of guilt, and listened intently. She did not come in, which was a relief, but his surprise was great when he heard her walk past the open door of the little dining-room, and next moment saw her flit past the window on the way to the Abbey. He got up, though he had not finished, and stared after her till she, too, disappeared in the cloister. "Something must be up," he repeated to himself.

Lottie's silence, however, was not patience, neither was it any want of susceptibility to what had been said. Even this, probably, she would have felt more had

her mind not been preoccupied by her great resolution. But when she found herself in the Abbey abstracted from all external circumstances, the great voice of the organ filling the beautiful place, the people silently filling up the seats, the choir in their white robes filing in, it seemed very strange to Lottie that the service could go on as it did, undisturbed by the beats of her heart and the commotion of her thoughts. Enough trouble and tumult to drown even the music were in that one corner where she leant her shoulder against the old dark oak, finding some comfort in the physical support. And she did not, it must be allowed, pay very much attention to the service; her voice joined in the responses fitfully, but her heart wandered far away. No, not far way. Mr. Ashford's counsel, and her father's, kept coming and going through her mind. Truth to tell, Captain Despard's decision against the possibility of work gave work an instant value in his daughter's eyes. We do not defend Lottie for her undutifulness; but as most of the things she had cared for in her life had been opposed by her father, and all the things against which she set her face in fierceness of youthful virtue were supported by him, it could scarcely be expected that his verdict would be very effectual with her. It gave her a little spirit and encouragement in her newly-formed resolution, and it helped her a little to overcome the prejudice in her mind when she felt that her father was in favor of that prejudice. He did not want her to work, to bring the discredit of a daughter who earned her own living upon him; he wanted to sell her to any one who would offer for her, to make her "catch" some man, to put forth wiles to attract him, and bring him into her net. Lottie, who believed in love, and who believed in womanhood, with such a faith as perhaps girls only possess,—what silent rage and horror filled her at this thought! She believed in womanhood, not so much in herself. For the sake of that abstraction, not for her own, she wanted to be wooed reverently, respected above all. A man, to be a perfect man, ought to look upon every woman as a princess of romance: not for her individual sake so much as for his sake, that he might fall short of no nobleness and perfection. This was Lottie's theory throughout. She would have Law reverence his sister, and tenderly care for her, because that would prove Law to be of the noblest kind of men. She wanted to be worshipped in order to prove triumphantly to herself that the man who did

so was a heroic lover. This was how Rollo had caught her imagination, her deceived imagination, which put into Rollo's looks and words so much that was not really there. This simple yet superlative thread of romance ran through all her thoughts. She leaned back upon the carved oak of the stall, preoccupied, while the choristers chanted, thinking more of all this than of the service. And then, with a sudden pang, there came across her mind the thought of the descent that would be necessary from that white pedestal of her maidenhood, the sheltered and protected position of the girl at home, which alone seemed to be fit and right. She would have to descend from that, and gather up her spotless robes about her, and come out to encounter the storms of the world. All that had elevated her in her own conceit was going from her — and what, oh what could *he*, or any one, find afterwards in her? He would turn away most likely with a sigh or groan from a girl who could thus throw away her veil and her crown, and stand up and confront the world. Lottie seemed to see her downfall with the eyes of her visionary lover, and the anguish that brought with it crushed her very heart.

Did it ever occur to her that an alternative had been offered for her acceptance? Once, for a moment, she saw Purcell's melancholy face look down upon her from the organ-loft, and gave him a kind, half-sad, half-amused momentary thought. Poor fellow! she could have cried for the pain she must have given him, and yet she could have laughed, though she was ashamed of the impulse. Poor boy! it must have been only a delusion; he would forget it; he would find somebody of his own class, she said to herself, uneasy to think she had troubled him, yet with the only half-smile that circumstances had afforded her for days past. Captain Despard, had he known, would have thought Purcell's suit well worthy of consideration in the absence of a better; and the signor, whom Lottie had made up her mind to address, darted fiery glances at her from the organ-loft, taking up his pupil's cause with heat and resentment; but she herself sailed serenely over the Purcell incident altogether, looking down upon it from supreme heights of superiority. It did not occur to her as a thing to be seriously thought of, much less in her confusion and anguish as a reasonable way of escape. And thus the morning went on, the chanting and the reading, and all those outcries to God and appeals to his mercy which his

creatures utter daily with so much calm. Did anybody mean it when they all burst forth, "God have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us"? This cry woke Lottie, and her dreaming soul came back, and she held up her clasped hands in a momentary passion of entreaty. The sudden wildness of the cry in the midst of all that stately solemnity of praying caught her visionary soul. It was as if all the rest had missed His ear, all the music and the poetry, King David harping on his harp, and Handel with his blind face raised to heaven; and nothing was left but to snatch at the garments of the Master as he went away, not hearing, not looking, or appearing not to look and hear. This poor young soul in the midst of her self-questionings and struggles woke up to the passionate reality of that cry. "God have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us!" and then it went away from her again in thunders of glorious music, in solemnity of well-known words, and she lost herself once more in her own thoughts.

Lottie withdrew timidly into the aisle when the service was over. She knew the signor would pass that way, and it seemed to her that it would be easier to speak to him there than to go to his house, which was the only other alternative. But the signor, when he came out, was encircled by a group of his pupils, and darted a vengeful, discouraging glance at her as he passed. He would not pause nor take any notice of the step she made towards him, the wistful look in her face. If he had seen it, it would have given him a certain pleasure to disappoint Lottie, for the signor had a womanish element in him, and was hot and merciless in his partisanship. He cast a glance at her that might have slain her, that was as far from encouraging her as anything could be, and passed quickly by, taking no other notice. Thus her mission was fruitless; and it was the same in the afternoon when she went out by the north door, and made believe to be passing when the musician came out. To do him justice, he had no notion that she wanted him, but wondered a little to find her a second time in his way. He was obliged, as it was outside the Abbey, to take off his hat to her; but he did so in the most grudging, hasty way, and went on talking with his pupils, pretending to be doubly engaged and deeply interested in what the lads were saying. There was no chance then, short of going to his house, of carrying out her resolution for this day.

But in the evening, when all was still,

Lottie who had been sitting at home working and thinking till her heart was sick and her brain throbbing, put on her hat and went out in the dusk to get the air at the door. It was a lovely, quiet night, the moon rising over the grey pinnacles of the Abbey, marking out its great shadow upon the Dean's Walk, and the mignonette smelling sweet in all the little gardens. A few of the old chevaliers were still about, breathing the sweetness of the evening like Lottie herself. Captain Temple, who was among them, came up to her with his old-fashioned fatherly gallantry as soon as he saw her. "Will you take a turn, my dear?" he said. He had no child, and she had never had, so to speak, any father, at least in this way. They went up and down the terrace pavement, and then they crossed the road to the Abbey, from which, though it was so late, the tones of the great organ were beginning to steal out upon the night. "Is this a ghost that is playing, or what can the signor be thinking of?" Captain Temple said. Old Wykeham, that gruff old guardian of the sacred place, was standing with his keys in his hands at the south door. He had not his usual rusty gown, nor his velvet cap, being then in an unofficial capacity; but Wykeham would not have been Wykeham without his keys. And though he was gruff he knew to whom respect was due. "Yessir, there's something going on inside. One o' the signor's fancies. He have got some friends inside, a-playing his voluntaries to them. And if you like, captain, I will let you in in a moment, sir." "Shall we go, my dear?" the old captain said. And next moment they were in the great gloom of the Abbey, which was so different in its solemnity from the soft summer dark outside. There was a gleam of brilliant light in the organ-loft where the signor was playing, which threw tranverse rays out on either side into the darkness, showing vaguely the carved work of the canopies over the stalls, and the faded banners that hung over them. Down in the deep gloom of the choir below a few figures were dimly perceptible. Lottie and her kind old companion did not join these privileged listeners. They kept outside in the nave, where the moon, which had just climbed the height of the great windows, had suddenly burst in, throwing huge, dimly colored pictures of the painted glass upon the floor. Lottie, who was not so sensible as she might have been, preferred this partial light, notwithstanding the mystic charm of the darkness, which was somewhat awful to look in upon

through the open door of the choir. She put her hand, a little tremulous, on the old captain's arm, and stood and listened feeling all her troubles calmed. What was it that thus calmed her perturbed soul? She thought it was the awe of the place, the spell of the darkness and the moonlight, the music that made it all wonderful. The signor was playing a strange piece of old music when the two came in. It was an old litany, and Lottie thought as she listened that she could hear an unseen choir in the far distance, high among the grey pinnacles, on the edge of the clouds, intoning in intricate delicate circles of harmony the responses. Was it the old monks? Was it the angels? Who could tell? "Lottie, my love, that is the *vox humana* stop," said the kind old captain, who knew something about it; and as he, too, was no wiser than other people, he began to whisper an explanation to her of how it was. But Lottie cared nothing about stops. She could hear the solemn singers of the past quiring far off at some unseen altar, the softened distant sweetness of the reply. Her heart rose up into the great floating, circling atmosphere of song. She seemed to get breath again, to get rest to her soul; a strange impulse came over her. She who was so shy, so uncertain of her power, so bitterly unwilling to adopt the trade that was being forced upon her; it was all that she could do to keep herself from singing, joining to those mystical spiritual voices her own that was full of life and youth. Her breast swelled, her lips came apart, her voice all but escaped from her, soaring into that celestial distance. All at once the strain stopped, and she with it, coming down to the Abbey nave again, where she stood in the midst of the dim reflected rubies and amethysts and silvery whites of a great painted window, giddy and leaning upon the old chevalier.

"It was the *vox humana*. It is too theatrical for my taste, my dear. It was invented by —"

"Oh, hush, hush," cried Lottie, under her breath; "he is beginning again."

This time it was the Pastoral Symphony the signor played — music that was never intended for the chill of winter, but for the gleaming stars, the soft-falling dews, the ineffable paleness and tenderness of spring. It came upon Lottie like those same dews from heaven. She grasped the old man's arm, but she could not keep herself from the response which no longer seemed to come back from any unseen and mystic shrine. Why should the old monks

come back to sing, or the angels have the trouble, who have so much else to do, when Lottie was there? When the Pastoral Symphony was over, the signor went on and she with him. Surely there must have been some secret understanding that no one knew of—not themselves. He played on unconscious, and she lifted up her head to the moonlight and her voice to heaven, and sang,—

There were shepherds watching their flocks by night.

Lottie let go her hold of the captain's arm. She wanted no support now. She wanted nothing but to go on, to tell all that divine story from end to end. It got possession of her. She did not remember even the changes of the voices; the end of one strain and another was nothing to her. She sang through the whole of the songs that follow each other without a pause or a falter. And like her, without questioning, without hesitation, the signor played on. It was not till she had proclaimed into the gloom that "His yoke is easy and His burden light," that she came to herself. The last chords thrilled and vibrated through the great arches and died away in lingering echoes in the vast gloom of the roof. And then there was a pause.

Lottie came to herself. She was not overwhelmed and exhausted by the effort as she had been at the Deanery. She felt herself come down, as out of heaven, and slowly became aware of Captain Temple looking at her with a disturbed countenance, and old Wykeham in all the agitation of alarm. "If I'd have known, I'd never have let you in. It's as much as my place is worth," the old man was saying; and Captain Temple, very kind and fatherly, but troubled too, and by no means happy, gave her his arm hurriedly. "I think we had better go, my dear," he said; "I think we had better go."

Some one stopped them at the door. Some one who took her hand in his with a warmth which enthusiasm permitted.

"I knew it must be you, if it were not one of the angels," he said; "one or the other. I have just come; and what a welcome I have had—too good for a king!"

"I did not know you were here, Mr. Ridsdale," said Lottie faintly, holding fast by Captain Temple's arm.

"But I knew you were here; it was in the air," he said, half whispering. "Good night; but good night lasts only till tomorrow, thank heaven."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

APPLES: A COMEDY.

It is spring-time in Rome, and one of the first hot days. In the veiled light of his studio CLAUD HUNTLEY is painting LADY ROEDALE's picture. He likes to talk as he works.

Claud. Then why did you offer to sit to me?

Lady Roedale. Why? Why? It's too hot to give reasons. Perhaps because your studio is the coolest place in Rome. Or shall I merely say that I sit to you because I choose?

C. That's better. You always did what you wished. And now you are free. You delight in your liberty.

Lady R. "Delight" is a strong word. It is suggestive of violent emotion. I detest violence.

C. You say with Hamlet, "Man delights me not."

Lady R. I say nothing with Hamlet. Heaven defend me from such presumption! and, besides, Hamlet was a bore, and thought too much of himself.

C. Heaven defend you from presumption! But any way you agree. You don't like man, and you do like liberty?

Lady R. I prefer liberty of the two. A widow can do what she pleases, and, and this is far better, she need not do anything which bores her.

C. Ah, there you are wrong. Your liberty is a sham. You are bound by a thousand silk threads of society. Your conduct is modified by the criticism of a dozen tea-tables. Trippet takes your cup, and sees that your eyes are red. By the way, they are red—

Lady R. Thank you. If I am looking frightful, I had better finish this sitting.

C. Your eyes are red: off runs Trippet with the news. Lady Roedale has been crying. Why? Why! of course because the marchese has left Rome—says Trippet.

Lady R. Does he? Trippet is odious, and so is the marchese, a Narcissus stuffed and dyed, who has been in love with himself for seventy years. You are all insufferable, all you men.

C. I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Oh, don't. If you were not so delightfully rude, I should go to sleep. I used to have a snappish little dog, such a dear, that barked when I dozed. He was very good for me, but he died.

C. And when I die, I should recommend a parrot.

Lady R. A parrot! A very good idea. A parrot to say, "Wake up, my lady." Will you get him for me?

C. I shall be dead. He is to replace me, you know.

Lady R. No; I shouldn't like that. I like you best, after all.

C. That is very kind of you. I believe you do like me, when you remember my existence.

Lady R. You wouldn't have me think of you all day. A man always about is insufferable.

C. Everything is insufferable or odious to-day.

Lady R. Do you think so?

C. I mean that you think so.

Lady R. How can you know what I think? I am sure I don't know what I think. It is so hot. I ought not to have sat to-day, but after all, as I said, your studio is the coolest place in Rome.

C. My room is better than my company.

Lady R. I hate jokes in hot weather. They remind me of "laughter holding both his sides" and "tables in a roar," and all sorts of violent things.

C. It's no good. I can't get on. You look so lazy and indifferent. I hate that expression.

Lady R. I am sorry that my appearance is repulsive.

C. I wish it were. But no matter. We were saying — what were we saying? Oh, I remember. You were saying that you could not bear to have a man always about the house.

Lady R. I have been married.

C. How can you bear to talk of that?

Lady R. I don't know. (*She yawns, and stretches out her arms lazily.*) I am free now.

C. Are you so in love with freedom?

Lady R. In love! I don't like the expression. "In love" is a vile phrase.

C. And you think yourself free. Did not I tell you that you can't move hand or foot without being talked about; that you can't buy a bonnet without being married to some fool; that you can't pass a club window without setting flippant tongues wagging, nor stay at home without tea-drinking dowagers finding the reason? Didn't I tell you —

Lady R. Yes, you did.

C. I wish I had the right to stop their tongues.

Lady R. You are a very old friend.

C. That's not enough.

Lady R. How hot it is!

C. Very. Will you be so kind as to turn your head a little more to the left?

Lady R. Oh dear, how cross you are! and you ought to be so happy. You are

not like me. You have something to do. You can stand all day and smudge on color.

C. A nice occupation — smudging on color.

Lady R. One can't select one's words in hot weather. I wish I could smudge.

C. You can sit for pictures.

Lady R. A fine occupation. To be perched on a platform, with a stiff neck, and a cross painter, a Heine without poetry. I believe that you are only painting my gown. I shall stay at home to-morrow, and send my gown.

C. Your gown will be less cruel. (*He puts down his painting-tools.*) Why do you play with me like this?

Lady R. Play? I was not aware I was doing anything so amusing.

C. It must end some day.

Lady R. Everything ends — even the hot weather.

C. Clara!

Lady R. Now, please don't quarrel. We have always been good friends, you and I.

C. Friends! Yes.

Lady R. Do let well alone.

C. Very well. As you please. The head a little more up. Thanks. (*He takes up his painting-tools.*) You don't look well.

Lady R. I am sorry that I look ugly.

C. You don't look ugly. How irritating you are!

Lady R. I am sorry that I am so disagreeable.

C. Oh! I shall spoil this picture. Perhaps it will be more like the original.

Lady R. Spoiled! Oh, Claud, I do wish you wouldn't be funny till the weather is cooler. It's almost vulgar. Besides I am not spoiled, not in the least. I am generally slighted. No woman was ever so neglected. I am not fast enough to be a success. But to be fast in this heat! Oh dear me! it's tiresome enough to be slow.

C. I am glad that you are no faster — not that it is any business of mine, as you were about to say. The chin a little more up. Thank you.

Lady R. How kind of you to talk for me! It saves me so much trouble. Go on; say what else I am about to say. You amuse me.

C. I am glad to do what I can for you. I will talk for you, walk for you, fetch and carry for you, live for you, die for you, and so —

Lady R. Mocker! Heine!

C. "Without the poetry!" As you please. Take it as mockery.

Lady R. All romance is mockery. Romance is as much out of date as good manners.

C. Was I rude again? I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Only fashionably uncivil. It's quite the thing. The best men talk of women as if they were horses.

C. And women treat men as if they were donkeys.

Lady R. Oh dear me, how quick you are! I wish I was a jolly good fellow, with the last clown-gag, "You'll get yourself disliked, my boy," or "Sportsman." How popular I should be! But I can't do it naturally. I am not to the manner born, I am *bourgeoise*. Good heavens! Perhaps I am genteel.

C. I thought I was to do your talking for you. As if any woman could be silent for ten minutes!

Lady R. Do you think I wish to talk? I am not equal to the exertion. Time me, then. I won't speak a word for ten — no, for five minutes.

C. Keep your head up, please. Thank you.

Lady R. "How are you to-morrow?" I never could see the humor of that.

C. Just half a minute.

Lady R. Don't be ridiculous. Ah me! I shall never be a success.

C. A success! What do you want? to be stared at by every booby at the opera — to have a dozen fools smiling and looking conscious when your name is mentioned — to hear your sayings repeated, and lies told about you, and your gowns described, and your movements chronicled?

Lady R. It is my dream.

C. All women are alike — all women, except one, perhaps.

Lady R. "Except one!" Who? who? Oh, Claud, do tell me!

C. That's better. Now you look awake. Keep that expression. Ah! now you've lost it again.

Lady R. You horrid man, tell me at once. Who is it? Oh, Claud, do tell me, please!

C. It's nothing. I spoke without thinking.

Lady R. Then you meant what you said. I don't care for things which men say after thinking. Then they deceive us, poor simple women that we are!

C. Simple! There was never a simple woman since Eve. The best women manage us for our good — the worst for our ill. The ends are different but the means the same.

Lady R. Was the one woman — the exceptional woman — the paragon — was she not simple?

C. On my soul I think so. *She* was not bent on success — success in society. Yes, she was simple.

Lady R. So is bread and butter.

C. And she was clever too. The innocence of a child and the wit of a woman, with a sweet wholesome humor — not a compound of sham epigram and rude repartee.

Lady R. I know, I know. A man's woman! a man's woman! With a pet lamb frisking before her, and an adoring mastiff at her heels; childlike gaiety in her step and frolic fun; a gown of crisp white muslin; an innocent sash; the hair plain, quite plain; and the nose a little reddened by cold water. Oh, how I should like to see her!

C. You are not likely to be gratified. She is buried, as you would say, in the country.

Lady R. Do the Tyrrels never leave Limeshire?

C. The Tyrrels! How do you know? Why should you think I was talking of them? Have they a daughter?

Lady R. Have they a daughter! When men try diplomacy how they overdo it! Have they a daughter! Claud, Claud, how strange that you should not know that the Tyrrels have a daughter, when you spent a whole summer at the Tyrrels' place from the very beginning of May to the very end of September, and the girl was at home during the whole of your visit!

C. How do you know that?

Lady R. Do you think that there is one of your numerous lady friends who does not know the history of all your love affairs?

C. Perhaps you will favor me with this history. It will probably be entirely new to me.

Lady R. I will try. But it is hard to remember in this hot weather. Now, attend. The scene is laid at Lindenhurst, an ancient house in Limeshire. There dwell the living representatives of the family of Tyrrel, older than the house; and thither came in early spring a painter bent on sketching — a sort of Lord of Burleigh — a Heinrich Heine — a man not too young, a — who was the man who had seen many cities and things?

C. Odysseus. Ulysses.

Lady R. And who was the girl who played ball? The *ingénue*?

C. That Nausicaa should be called an *ingénue*!

Lady R. Ulysses, who had been in many societies and seen all sorts of people, was rather tired of it all, and growing a little snappish and cross. So he sketched because he had nothing better to do, and he looked at Nausicaa for the same reason; and so, by degrees, he found himself soothed and refreshed by the girl's artlessness, or apparent artlessness.

C. Apparent!

Lady R. She was such a contrast to the weary women of the world. She was so ingenuous, oh, so ingenuous! When he went to sketch, she went with him, as a matter of course; and she showed him her favorite bits; and he made a thousand pretty pictures of cows and pigs and dandelions, and, above all, of the old orchard, full of apple-trees. He developed a passion for painting apple-trees in every stage, from blossom to fruit. And the country seemed very countrified, and the green refreshingly green, and the cows nice and milky, and the pigs unconventional, and the dandelions a great deal finer than camellias, and everything lazy and industrious and delightful. And so the jaded man was very much pleased by the novelty.

C. A very pretty story. Pray go on. Your expression is almost animated, and this picture is coming a little better.

Lady R. Then came the reaction.

C. That's not so lively. Don't change, if you can help it.

Lady R. The novelty ceased to be a novelty. Old Tyrrel grew grumpy. Mamma had always thought that the child might do better if she had a season in London. And then my lord Ulysses got disgusted, and the curtain fell, and so the idyl ended. There, I have told you how the country miss set her rustic cap at the man of the world, and set it in vain.

C. She was utterly incapable of setting her cap at anybody.

Lady R. Who? Miss Lottie — Tottie — Nelly — Milly — What's-her-name?

C. Betty. Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. Then I have succeeded in recalling her to your mind? The Tyrrels have a daughter.

C. Go on, if it amuses you.

Lady R. It does amuse me a little. Now it is for you to take up the story. Why did you go away and leave this Arcadia and Miss Nausicaa?

C. Because I was afraid of loving her. That is the truth, since you will know it. And now let us drop it. It is as much a thing of the past as the pyramids. I want to talk of the present — of you, Clara, if I may.

Lady R. Things of the past are so seldom past. The pyramids are about still. I must know why you were afraid of loving this girl.

C. What is the use of talking about that?

Lady R. It's as bad as suppressing the third volume of one's novel. If you don't tell me I shall go away.

C. Why should I mind telling you? It's a tale of the dark ages long ago. Keep your head a little more to the left.

Lady R. But I want to look at you.

C. Deny yourself that pleasure if you can. Thanks.

Lady R. Well? Go on, do.

C. A nice fellow I was to win the love of a young girl.

Lady R. Why? You are not worse than most men.

C. Will you kindly keep your head turned to the left? Thanks. There was a girl with all the world about her sweet and bright and young, and a woman's life before her with promise of all good. There was I, a man who had outlived my illusions — who had found the world dusty, chokingly dusty. The apples were dust in my mouth. I had tried most things and failed in most things. My art was of less importance than my dinner. I could still dine, though I didn't eat fruit in the evening. Bah! The apples turned to dust between my teeth. Why should I link a young creature, fresh as a June rose, to a dry stick?

Lady R. They train roses so sometimes.

C. Misleading metaphor! I came away. It's all over, all well over, long ago. Why you insist on raking up this foolish matter, I can't imagine. Yes, I can. It is to turn the conversation. You know quite well what I wish to say to you, what I have made up my mind to say to you. We have known each other for a long time, Clara; we have always been friends; we have both outlived some illusions; I think we should get on well together. Clara, consult your own happiness and mine. What do you think?

Lady R. May I look round now?

C. Do be serious. Don't be provoking.

Lady R. And you think that two dry sticks supporting each other is a more engaging spectacle than a rose trained on a prop?

C. Enough of tropes. I desire a plain answer.

Lady R. Don't people strike sparks by rubbing two sticks together?

C. What are you talking about?

Lady R. How the sparks would fly! I suppose that I ought to be very grateful, Claud. I am not quite sure. It's not a magnificent offer. A banquet of lost illusions and Dead Sea fruit. What a pleasant household! "This is my husband, a gentleman who has outlived his illusions." — "Permit me to present you to my wife, a lady who has everything but a heart." Will you have an apple? We import them ourselves, fresh from the Dead Sea. Fresh!

C. I wonder you don't find the weather too hot for comedy.

Lady R. Do you call that comedy? It seems to me dreary enough.

C. The thought of joining your lot to mine?

Lady R. My lot! I never was dignified by such a possession. I go on by chance, and so do you. We have run along very pleasantly side by side. Hadn't we better leave it like that? If we were linked together, which of us would go in front?

C. You've the most provoking passion for metaphor.

Lady R. And you are sure that you have quite got over your admiration for Miss Tyrrel?

C. Don't talk of that. I tell you it is as much over as youth. I shall never see her again.

Lady R. You think not?

C. I am sure. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. What should you say if I told you that they were in Rome—let us say at the hotel opposite?

C. I should say that you were romancing. If I believed you I should leave Rome to-day.

Lady R. Then don't believe me. Couldn't you get me some ice?

C. I am afraid that my man is out.

Lady R. You said that you would fetch and carry for me.

C. Oh, you want to be rid of me! Very well, I'll go. I don't mind appearances.

Lady R. Why should you? Don't be long.

C. You mean it? Oh, very well, I'll go.

Lady R. *Au revoir!*

(*Hereupon CLAUD goes out and leaves LADY ROEDALE alone.*)

Lady R. She is in Rome, nevertheless, Mr. Claud, this Miss Betty of the apple orchard. Shall I tell him, or shall I not? I am so sleepy that I can't decide on anything. Do I want to take Mr. Huntley? Ugh! I don't know. I am too sleepy to

think. How tiresome men are! Why won't they stay good friends instead of turning into bad lovers? The age of lovers is past. Love is impossible in so enlightened a generation. I am bored and he is bored. We shall be twice as bored together. That's mathematics, or logic, or something. Now I daresay that Claud thinks I have sent him away that I may consider his proposal. As if it wasn't much too hot to consider anything. It would be easier to take him than to think about it. Dear old Claud! I am sure he pictures me at this moment striding up and down, twisting my handkerchief like the woman in the play, and muttering, "Oh Claud, Claud, why distract me thus? Oh cruel man, will you not leave me at peace?" Shall I say yes or no? What would he say if he met Miss Betty? What would she say? I am very sleepy—very, very sleepy. He pictures me in an awful state of excitement and agitation. What must be, must. Apples turn to dust—cottage and crust. I'll let things drift. It doesn't matter much, not much. Oh Claud! oh cruel man! oh sleep! I'll take a nap just to spite him.

(*So she falls asleep, screened from the eyes of MISS BETTY TYRREL, who presently comes in, stepping lightly and quickly.*)

Betty. I saw him go out. He's sure not to come back yet. I am so frightened, and it is such fun. What's the good of being in Rome if you don't do as the Romans do? He must have gone for his daily walk. He can't be back yet. And if he does come, why should I care? I sha'n't be frightened. He always said I was very cool. If he comes in I shall drop him a curtsy and say, "How do you do, Mr. Huntley? I said I would look in on you some day, and here I am." And he will make me a bow, and—but probably he won't know me. He'll take me for a tourist lady visiting his studio, and wanting to buy pictures; and I shall say, "Yes, thank you, very nice; put up that, and that; and would you be so kind as to send them down to my carriage?—yes, and the little one in the corner too, please." Why, what is it? Yes, it is, it is the old orchard, our orchard, our orchard in May, with all the bright new blossoms, as it was when he—He used to say that it was like the foam of the sea at sunrise. I don't think he ever saw the sun rise. He was awfully lazy. How good of him to keep this near him—the orchard, and a little corner of the dear old house! Oh blossoms, blossoms, you are there now at home, and I wish I was there

too, and had never come out and grown wise and old in this horrid world! It was there that I saw him first, just there. He was following papa through the little gate with the broken hinge, and he bent his head under the blossoms. He looked so tall, and so tired. And yet he hadn't been doing anything. Men are very strange. The less they do, the more tired they are. Why, here's another picture of the orchard. How funny! It must be autumn, for the apples are all ripe. But who is the young man in the funny cap? And who are the three ladies? And why does he sit, when they are standing? I can't make it out. Do they want the apple? If you please, sir, give it to the lady with the shield and spear. That other one is not nice, not nice, I am sure. I don't care much for that picture. Are there any more apple pictures? No; no. Yes, here's another. Adam and Eve, I think. Yes, here is one great glittering coil of the serpent. I don't like Eve. What a languid, fine-lady Eve! Whose face is this? How handsome! And this? And this one on the easel? Everywhere the same face, handsome, lazy, indifferent. No, no, no, he never would be happy with her. It's Eve's face. Wicked woman! Wicked woman!

Lady R. (waking). Did you call me? Ah, what a sweet air! The day is changed.

B. Oh, I beg your pardon.

Lady R. (drowsily). Are you real, or a dream?

B. I am real. No; I had better say that I am a dream and melt away.

Lady R. I was just dreaming of you, Miss Tyrrel.

B. Of me? You don't know me. How do you know — I mean, you called me by some name, I think.

Lady R. Yes, Miss Innocence, I called you "Miss Tyrrel."

B. How can you know?

Lady R. I am a witch, for one thing; and for another, I saw your picture.

B. Has he got a picture of me?

Lady R. Of course, my dear.

B. And did he show it to you?

Lady R. No; I was looking about for curiosity's sake, and I saw it.

B. You are often here, then? Oh, I beg your pardon. I have no right to question you. But I don't know who you are.

Lady R. I am Lady Roedale; I am a widow; I am sitting for my picture; I am an old friend of Mr. Huntley. Will that do?

B. A friend.

Lady R. A friend, my sweet Simplicity. And you? What brings you here?

B. Me? I — I am an old friend too.

Lady R. An old friend! Not quite old enough, I think.

B. Oh, Lady Roedale, I didn't think. I ought not to have come.

Lady R. It's very pretty and unconventional, my dear. Somebody said that you were so simple, that you didn't know what was conventional and what wasn't.

B. Oh, Lady Roedale, you know — you know that women are not like that.

Lady R. Yes, I know.

B. But I didn't think, I didn't think, or I shouldn't have come. We are living just opposite, and I saw him go out, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to see his studio when he was away, and that I could run back, and he would never know. But if I had only known that you were here, I would have died sooner than come.

Lady R. It is better to live.

B. But you won't tell him? Promise me that you won't tell him. If you will only promise me, I will never come back, I will never see him again, — never, never.

Lady R. Don't be rash, my dear. You are safe now. You have run into the arms of a chaperon, a duenna, a gorgon. But if Mr. Huntley is an old friend of yours, why didn't your father and mother come to see him too?

B. Because they are hurt. He went away so suddenly from home, and he never wrote, and they liked him so much, and they thought it unkind; but I know he never meant to be unkind, for he was always kind, and I know that he wouldn't be angry even at my coming here, and — and that's why.

Lady R. That's why, is it?

B. You don't think that I am very bad?

Lady R. My dear, you are much too good. I have no taste for bread and milk and book muslin. I don't like men's women, but I do like you.

B. Thank you, thank you. Now I see that he has not flattered you, not a bit. I thought at first that he had. He had his heart in his work when he did this.

Lady R. Shall I show you the work in which his heart is?

B. Yes.

(*LADY ROEDALE draws aside a curtain and shows a picture.*)

B. My picture!

Lady R. Yours.

B. Oh, let me go. If he should come and find me here. Oh, let me go, let me go.

Lady R. Too late. I hear him on the stairs.

B. What shall I do?

Lady R. Do as you are bid. Give me your picture, quick! Now go behind the curtain, and be still.

(*She draws the curtain carefully.* CLAUD enters, bringing ice.)

Claud. I bring you ice, and something better. The day is changed. Ah, the air smells wooingly here. See how I fetch and carry! Doesn't this convince you that I —

Lady R. (studying the picture). Yes, it is pretty.

C. Where did you get that?

Lady R. Don't be angry; I won't hurt it.

C. As you please. It's of no value — now.

Lady R. It is much better than mine. Indeed it has only one fault.

C. Indeed?

Lady R. It is awfully flattered.

C. How can you know, when you never saw the original?

Lady R. Ah, that is very true.

C. Put it down, please. I want to talk to you about — to go back to what we were saying, when —

Lady R. Shall I throw it down here?

C. Take care! What are you doing?

Lady R. I thought you said it was of no value?

C. It isn't. But then we are vain, you know, we artists; we don't like to see our work, even our bad work, destroyed.

Lady R. Then I won't destroy it. I'll improve it.

C. What are you going to do? I don't quite understand. Let me put it away.

Lady R. No, don't touch it. I often think of taking up painting. This is evidently unfinished. Why is it unfinished?

C. I was afraid of spoiling it.

Lady R. Ah, that was when it was of some value; but now —

C. Now it doesn't matter. Let me put it away.

Lady R. I shall finish it myself.

C. You!

Lady R. Any valueless old thing will do to practise my hand on; I am just in the mood. You have painted enough this morning. It's my turn.

C. But Clara —

Lady R. Come, take my picture off the easel. There! There she is in my place. A change for the better, I think. Stand out of the light. I shall make her lovely.

(*As she begins to arrange the colors on the palette, he gets more and more anxious.*)

C. Here, try this. This sketch is much better to work on.

Lady R. Don't bother. I am bent on improving this young woman.

C. That's a very odd color you are getting.

Lady R. What can it matter to you?

C. Clara, what are you at? Stop!

(*He snatches the picture from the easel.*)

Lady R. And the picture is of no value!

C. I beg your pardon, Clara.

Lady R. Valueless, but too valuable for me.

C. Clara, you won't understand.

Lady R. Oh yes, I will. A mere sketch, and absurdly flattered.

C. Flattered! (*He holds the picture in his hands, perusing it.*) How can you know?

Lady R. It is much prettier than Miss Tyrrel.

C. What do you mean? Well, yes, I believe, if I remember right, that it was taken from Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. And I believe, if I remember right, that it is twice as pretty as Miss Tyrrel.

C. You have never seen her.

Lady R. Indeed I have.

C. Indeed! Where?

Lady R. Here.

C. In Rome?

Lady R. Here.

C. Here! What do you mean?

Lady R. Here, in this room.

C. Clara, I dare say that this is extremely amusing to you. I don't see the joke myself. I don't see why you should rake up this old story. Yes, I do see. You wish to quarrel, to find an excuse for not answering me, when I ask you —

Lady R. She was here.

C. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. The Tyrrels are in Rome.

C. Is this true? Don't push this joke too far.

Lady R. It is true.

C. Then I must go.

Lady R. Why?

C. Is it true that the Tyrrels are here, in Rome?

Lady R. It is true.

C. I must go then. Oh, don't imagine anything extraordinary. It is a simple matter. These people were kind to me, kind with a generous hospitality which is rare. I stayed and stayed in their house, until I

thought that I should never go, until I feared that — Well, it came to this: here were people who, in honesty and good faith, had treated me like a king; people who —

Lady R. Don't dilate upon the Tyrrel character just now.

C. What was I doing in return for all their goodness? I found myself trying to win the love of their only child, a girl with no knowledge of the world, who had seen no men to speak of, and who might take one, even me, for a very fine fellow.

Lady R. You were on the way to get what you wanted.

C. I was not a scoundrel. I knew myself: a man who had knocked about the world, a painting vagabond, a social cynic, not worthy to touch her hand or look into her eyes. High-flown, you think; but I was not a scoundrel, and I went away.

Lady R. But now?

C. Now? Well, now, I don't want to have to do the thing again.

Lady R. Then it would be hard to see her again, and go?

C. Yes.

Lady R. You loved her?

C. I suppose so.

Lady R. I always thought that you were not a bad fellow.

C. I am not over-good. I don't wish to open an old wound. That's not extraordinary virtue, is it?

Lady R. And the girl? What of her?

C. By this time she has seen scores of men, in all respects better than me, confound them. She? Why, she —

Lady R. Stop. Don't say too much about Miss Betty Tyrrel. Put her picture back and drop the subject. Put the picture back in its place.

C. Very well. I don't want to bore you.

(So he goes to replace the picture, and draws aside the curtain. There is BETTY TYRREL. Then there is silence in the room for a time.)

Betty. Mr. Huntley, I am very sorry. I did not mean to listen.

C. Miss Tyrrel — Betty — is it you?

B. Oh, forgive me. I did not mean to listen.

C. And it is you indeed.

B. But I did not mean it. Oh, you believe that I did not hide myself here to listen!

C. You!

Lady R. It was my fault.

C. What do you mean?

Lady R. Do attend to me. Miss Tyrrel is my friend. She came to fetch me after my sitting. Finding that the

studio belonged to you of all men in the world, she was frightened; and I put her there.

B. Thank you — oh, thank you. Mr. Huntley, it is so good of her to say that. But I must tell you. We are living just opposite, papa and mamma and I; and I saw you go out; and I thought you were going away; and I never stopped to think; and I slipped out by myself; and I did so want to see the place where you worked. I did not stop to think; that was where I was wrong. And I found her here, and I was frightened.

Lady R. Yes, as I told you, she was frightened, and I put her in the corner. Good heavens, Claud! ain't you going to say something? Why do you stand there like a tragedian, or a May-pole? Oh, you men!

B. Won't you forgive me?

C. Forgive you! Why? Can you do any wrong? You have, heard me say what I never dared to say in the old days. I am glad that you have heard me. You will think more kindly of me, some day, when — May I see you safe across the street? Will you say all kind things for me to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel?

Lady R. Is the man a fool?

B. You are not angry with me, then?

C. Are you not angry with me for having dared to love you?

B. I never was angry with you, not even when you went away so suddenly.

C. Were you sorry? Oh, take care, take care, child! Don't deceive me or yourself. Were you sorry when I went away?

B. We were all sorry, very sorry.

C. But you, you? You came here: would you stay here — with me? Oh child, is it possible that you should care for me?

B. Yes.

C. If I had known this!

Lady R. Any one but a man would have known it years ago. *(As she looks at CLAUD and BETTY, she begins to smile at her own thoughts.)* There were only two in Paradise, in the first apple orchard, unless you count the serpent, and that is a rôle for which I have neither inclination nor capacity. *(Exit.)*

(And so ends the COMEDY.)

From The Saturday Review.

WANTED—A RELIGION.

It is not quite clear whether a contributor to the new number of the *North Amer-*

ican Review, who signs himself "An Evolutionist," is in joke or in earnest, when he "advertises for a new religion." His style oscillates between a kind of solemn banter and cynical earnestness which leaves one in perplexity as to his real design, and there are passages which read as though the whole might be intended for an elaborate but somewhat recondite burlesque. Certainly, if he is speaking seriously, his state of mind does not seem to be an enviable one. His conclusion is an assurance that "it is certain there is no God," but as it is equally certain that religion of some sort is an absolute necessity, and he "has been cursed by a young man who had fallen into vice" through his depriving him of his old faith, he will be very much obliged to any one "among our scientific doctors all over the world," who will be good enough, under this rather embarrassing reservation, to discover a new one. Serious or not, however, he has put pointedly enough in his own way what is undoubtedly a striking phenomenon in the world of modern thought, and if there is nothing very new in what he says, it has the merit of compressing into short compass what is being whispered, or more than whispered, in many quarters and in various tones, and is felt more widely than it is expressed. He begins by telling us that two points are now "happily settled beyond need of further inquiry by our advanced thinkers." The first of these points is that "all the old religions, including Christianity, are waxing old and must soon die." Each of these has had "its little day;" fetichism, hero-worship, pantheism, monotheism, Christianity, each in turn has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. "We now know that all these have been developed out of the rude ideas and wants of the human heart." Mr. Lecky has shown how antiquated creeds die out, not because they are attacked, but simply because they are grown obsolete; Mr. Leslie Stephen has told us that creeds "die of being found out." The Reformers undermined Catholicism; the deistical writers of the last century have undermined orthodox Protestantism. Rationalism and Unitarianism have made an end of Bible infallibility; all "the great thinkers of the last century and a half have been against the Bible." But it is not the Bible only that is at stake; when that is gone, "no rational religion can remain." Conscience "is shown by Bain and Darwin to be merely the product of circumstances and heredity;" Comte has disposed of first and final causes; Mr. J. S. Mill has shown

that, if there be a God, he cannot be omnipotent; Hume had already exploded the proofs of his existence; Mr. Darwin has traced the descent of man "from the ascidian through the catarrhine monkey." And lastly Mr. Herbert Spencer "has explained all life and mind by the interaction of internal and external relations."

All this however might not matter so much but for the second point on which our advanced thinkers are agreed, and on which, we may add, their judgment is very abundantly confirmed by the general experience of mankind. But before noticing it we are confronted by a fresh complication in the problem, to which the "Evolutionist" pathetically refers, arising from the fact that the same distinguished thinkers are so far from being always in harmony with each other that they do not even care to maintain relations of mutual respect. Professor Huxley "has used very irreverent language of M. Comte:"—

In so far as my study of what specially characterizes the positive philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as anything in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact, M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism *minus* Christianity.

It is "far more painful" to find Professor Jevons describing Mill's mind as "essentially illogical," and his philosophy as "false." Still, in whatever they may differ, our great thinkers are "happily"—we should have been inclined to say, on the writer's showing, are unhappily—agreed in holding that man has religious instincts, and a religion of some sort he must have to satisfy them. The question is where to find it. And the five negative conditions laid down by our reviewer as indispensable do not appear likely to lessen the difficulty of the search. They are briefly these: there must be no God, no personal immortality, no day of judgment (the true judgment is "the struggle for existence"), no ghostly or supernatural sanctions or motives, and no attempt to pierce the veil of the visible world; all beyond "must be represented as unknown and unknowable." We quite admit that, under these conditions, "it is vastly difficult to tell positively what the new religion is to be." Indeed we should be tempted to make the "irreverent" criticism that the demand for a new religion comes very much to this, "Given that there is no religion, to find it." The only contribution

offered by the writer himself towards a solution of his difficulty is comprised in the Huxleian dictum that worship must be "chiefly of the silent sort," and in a brief summary of the leading eccentricities of Comte's religion of humanity, which he apparently thinks capable of judicious adaptation. But will this answer the purpose? The new religion is wanted, it must be remembered, to satisfy "an indestructible instinct of humanity." But where did the instinct come from? By evolution, of course, like all the rest of our nature, and "if a merely natural product, it should disappear," in due course, like other superstitions; it must indeed "all be gone before the nineteen-hundredth century." But for the present here it is, and it has to be satisfied somehow. "There is an urgent need for a new belief to come, and that speedily;" nay "this new religion *must* come," only unfortunately it does not come. Even the great thinkers themselves feel the want of it. Hume used to go to church sometimes in Scotland, Collins insisted on his servants going to church "that they might not rob or murder him," Voltaire "built a church to God" at Ferney, Mr. Huxley wants the Bible introduced into board schools, and Professor Tyndall is indignant at being charged with hostility to religion, and Mr. Herbert Spencer leaves ample space for the "unknown and the unknowable." The heart, like nature, "abhors a vacuum;" it craves for something beyond a negation, and as long as the unknown is treated as "unknowable," the craving is hard to satisfy.

We cannot say whether the "Evolutionist" is theorizing or describing in the following passage, but it is certainly true to nature, if not to literal fact:—

My daughter when in London went to a Wesleyan meeting one part of the day, and to a Sunday lecture, by Huxley, on another part; and, strange as it may sound, she preferred the sincere shouting, the amens and groans of the Methodists to the worship of "the silent sort," in which there seemed to be no heart or adoration—except in the organ. A bright young lady, after listening for six weeks to lectures on "Humanity," declared that she would rather worship the Virgin, who seemed to have a loving heart, and whom she identified with the statues of her in Italy. Some of my lady friends have told me that when crossed in love they would prefer a nunnery to an Owen phalanstery or a communist settlement at Oneida. But our greatest anxiety is about the young men, our sons, who, of course, have been brought up without a Bible, and without prayer, public or private, and whose

reading is in physiology male and female, and in books we have not been able to keep from them; and who go to theatres, which we freely allow, as they are schools of virtue, and see the sort of company in the gallery and the boxes, and go home with some of them simply to know more of them. We honestly tell them to be honest, and obliging, and chaste—always according to our ideas, which are surely liberal enough. But they puzzle us with questions which we have difficulty enough in answering satisfactorily to them in their present unsettled temper.

The outlook for "the young men, our sons" does not certainly, on this showing, seem a very promising one. Why should they be virtuous, if "the roses and raptures of vice" are more attractive to them? Virtue is not always, except in story books, its own reward, or at least not so obviously and immediately such, as to present a sufficient counterpoise to all adverse fascinations. Moreover if, as a modern French philosopher has put it, "virtue and vice are natural products, just like sugar and vitriol," what claim has virtue to any reward, or any preference at all? When the Evolutionist tells us that the young men appeal to the platonic attachments of Comte and J. S. Mill for ladies who were not their wives, as Mr. Bradlaugh and his female associate appeal to Mill's authority for a book condemned in the law-courts, and complains that freethinkers can no longer boast that they are moral compared with the infidels of the days of Tom Paine, we really do not see how to help him out of his difficulty. He says that "these youths," when they are told to be moral, reply that "morality, in the vulgar sense, has been undermined." Clearly, on his own showing, it has been undermined. They add that "the sanction being gone, the law has gone with it," and they are only logical in saying so. If their "conscience" is appealed to, Professor Bain has supplied them with a crushing rejoinder; if they are told of "the beauty of altruism"—"so much more significant a phrase than love, which the Bible uses"—they do not seem to see it; and if finally they are reminded that it is for their own interest to do good, neither does that come home to them as self-evident. All this in fact, whether it is stated in irony or in sober earnestness, is but a repetition of the too familiar tale, confirmed over and over again by the experience of every age, that morality will not, in the mass and in the long run—least of all among the young—hold its own without a religious basis. And therefore, as we are given to understand, all good "evolutionists" are "look-

ing and longing for the new religion," and are sanguine enough to believe that "the longing will bring it:—"

Our youths remember the grave counsels of their fathers ever appealing to heaven, and the prayers of their mothers committing them with uplifted hands to God. They cannot forget that they used themselves to pray, and found comfort under bereavement when they could thus unbosom themselves, in the belief that there was an eye watching over them and a heart pitying them. They have a solemn memory of the parting with fathers and mothers and sisters, who assured those left behind that they were going to heaven, and wished those they loved to follow them—all of which they are now obliged to regard as a delusion. Some of us have to look back on these days with a sigh.

But a religion without God, immortality, conscience, supernatural aims or hopes or fears, can hardly replace this discarded faith or fill the aching void it has left behind. The evolutionist would appear to be either very sarcastic or very simple. We remember not many years ago reading an announcement in the *Times* that the Japanese government had decided, after careful consultation with the leaders of every sect, on the introduction of "a new religion," to which everybody would be required to conform. The new creed was described as "enlightened, simple, and adapted to common sense, and likely to meet the approval of all classes." To be sure, a high standard of morality has not

hitherto been the distinguishing characteristic of the natives of Japan, but it might be worth our inquirer's while to consult the mikado as to the details of this new religion, which is pretty sure not to be encumbered with a "conscience" and may very possibly also have risen above the "anthropomorphism of a living and personal God." If that does not answer his purpose, we have only one alternative suggestion to offer him, which we fear he is bound *ex hypothesi* to repudiate as irrelevant and effete. Seeing that the wise men and the fools, who according to Walpole make up the whole community, are agreed that religion is an imperative necessity, but the wise men are entirely at sea as to where they are to find a new religion, and even as to why they have rejected the old, might it not be worth a thought whether the initial assumption that all the old religions, including Christianity, are superseded is really so obvious a truism as to be "settled beyond the need and the propriety of reconsideration"? The same axiom has been quite as boldly proclaimed by "our advanced thinkers" in former ages also, but Christianity is living in spite of them. And there are thinkers of very respectable intelligence in our own day to whom it is not quite so clear as to the "Evolutionist," that Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Sainte-Beuve, or Schopenhauer, or even Messrs. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer have spoken the last word on the subject now.

ESKIMO DOGS.—The horrible savagery of these poor wretches can hardly be wondered at; they live in a country where there is hardly a chance for them in any independent foraging expedition; they are half starved by their masters, being fed chiefly on frozen walrus hides in the winter, and allowed to shift for themselves in the summer when their services are not required, and are in so perennial and acute a state of hunger that they are ready at any time to eat their own harness if allowed to do so. It is generally stated that they are perfectly insensible to kindness, and only to be kept in order by a liberal application of the lash, or even of a more formidable weapon; for the Eskimo, if their dogs are refractory, do not scruple to beat them about the head with a hammer, or anything else of sufficient hardness which happens to be at hand. They

will even beat the poor brutes in this horrible manner until they are actually stunned. Notwithstanding the absolute dependence of the Eskimo on their dogs, little or no care is taken of them; they receive nothing in any degree approaching petting, and spend all their time in the open air. The chief use of the Eskimo dog is to draw the sledges, which are the only possible conveyance in that frozen land. In all the Arctic expeditions which have been sent out at various times, a good supply of sledge dogs has been one of the greatest desiderata, as without them it would be absolutely impossible to proceed far. No other animal would answer the purpose, both horses and cattle being quite useless in journeys over ice and snow, amongst which the pack of light, active dogs make their way with wonderful ease and safety.

Cassell's Natural History.